Vol. CXLV. No. 1893.]

No ersatz! "TripleX" is genuine safety glass

[THE BYSTANDER March 27, 1940.

# The BYSTANDER

A. G. Macdonell : D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Douglas Reed : Bruce Bairnsfather : Herbert Farjeon

1/-

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.
12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

OF COURSE YOU CAN SAFELY TAKE THE DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Sold only in ¼-lb. and ½-lb. packets and 1-lb. canisters. Priced at 3/8, 4/4 and 4/10 per lb. Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd., 30 Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3.

CVS-207

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

1929 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

PARIPAN ENAMEL

"The more you wash it, the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE

PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

HENNESSY

★★★ BRANDY

MOTOR POLICIES

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

# FOOD BOXES for H.M. Forces

Nothing so welcome to the Forces as gifts of food . . . these boxes are certainly 'the stuff to give the troops'!

**BOX HM.5**

1 Tin Lobster, 1 Tin Grapefruit, 1 Tin Rich Assorted Biscuits, 1 Tin Gentlemen's Relish, 1 Tin Café au lait, 1 Tin Sardines, 1 Tin Fruit Salad, 1 Tin Roast Turkey, 1 Tin Galantine, 1 Box Swiss Cheese, 1 Tin Dundee Cake, 1 Box Princess Chocolates, 2 Boxes Mitcham Mints, 1 Tin Butter Drops, 1 Box 50 Cigs., 1 Can Opener.

*Overseas*
Contents 35/6
Packing and postage 4/- } **39/6**

*Inland*
Contents 35/6
Postage (two parcels) 2/6 } **38/-**

**BOX HM.2**

1 Box Biscuits, 1 Tin Salmon, 1 Tin Sardines, 1 Tin Cocoa and Milk, 1 Tin Sausages, 1 Tin Galantine, 1 Tin Sheeps' Tongues, 1 Tin Shortbread, ½ lb. Box Chocolates, 1 Tin Bullseyes, 1 Box 25 Cigs., 1 Can Opener.

*Overseas*
Contents 16/6
Packing and postage 2/3 } **18/9**

*Inland*
Contents 16/6
Postage 1/6 } **18/-**

**BOX HM.3**

1 Tin Sardines, 1 Tin Oxo Cubes, 1 Tin Nescafe, 1 Tin Peaches, 1 Tin Chicken Cutlets, 1 Tin Spam, 1 Box Cheese portions, 1 Box Sandwich Filling, 1 Dundee Cake, 1 Tin Cheese Biscuits, 1 Tin Butter Drops, 1 Box Chocolates, 1 Drum Turkish Delight, 1 Pkt. 25 Cigarettes, 1 Can Opener.

*Overseas*
Contents 23/6
Packing and postage 4/- } **27/6**

*Inland*
Contents 23/6
Postage (two parcels) 2/6 } **26/-**

**Harrods**

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Inexpensive Gowns, First Floor.

# Fishnet

## A NEW PARIS VOGUE

Featuring the latest Paris note — fishnet— smart afternoon gown in crepe and fishnet in graduated bands, finished at neck with narrow white pique band. In black only. Six sizes - - **7½ gns.**

We have Six carefully studied sizes in this department :—

| Sizes | 40 | 42 | 44 | 46 | 48 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hips (actual) | 36 | 37 | 40 | 42 | 44 | 48 ins. |

**Debenham & Freebody**

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams, Ltd.)

No. 1893. Vol. CXLV.

# The Bystander

## Sigrid Gurie, Still Wandering

This glamorous person started by hoaxing Goldwyn she was a great Norwegian actress from Oslo's state theatre, got the lead in *Marco Polo* and a divorce from her husband. At once afterwards she got the co-lead in *Algiers*, vying in glamour with newcomer Hedy Lamarr. Now her third film has been shown at the London Pavilion: *Rio*, with Rathbone, McLaglen, Robert Cummings, and the Brooklyn, N.Y., actress is still, filmically, far from home. The hot blood and dances and jungles of South America is now her setting, after Asia's plains and North Africa's bazaars. On the film page 393, our critic notices *Rio*, says of Miss Gurie "she pulls a Garbo on us." Perhaps that Norwegian idea still lingers

# The Passing Hour

## Wartime Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

As I write, the sensation of the hour is the meeting of the two Dictators at the Brenner Pass. It is very seldom that anything nowadays can make us gasp—so hardened and cynical have we all become under the grim pressure of events. But I freely confess that a gasp—or something precious like it—was wrung out of the old frame when I idly switched on the radio on Sunday night and heard the bald announcement.

I ALSO confess that when I pictured the meeting of those two men at the Brenner, my first reaction was one of alarm and foreboding. But soon equilibrium re-established itself. It is impossible to imagine Italy coming into this war on the side of Germany and thus, potentially, on the side of Communist Russia. Signor Mussolini has a lot to lose by war and very, very little to gain, and he is by far the astutest observer of affairs in Europe to-day.

THE proposed triple defensive alliance between Sweden, Norway, and Finland fills me with astonishment. Can it really be an earnest, serious proposition, or is it a farce in the worst and grimmest taste? For 100 days Finland maintained the Mannerheim Line and Sweden, afraid of Russia and Germany, preserved the strictest of strict neutralities. Now that the Mannerheim Line has gone, and the Russians are at the fortress of Hangö at the end of the Gulf of Bothnia, Sweden is considering a proposal to guarantee Finland's undefendable frontier.

WHAT can happen to Finland in the future that has not happened to her in the past? Why should Sweden suddenly pop up and offer to give up her neutrality and fight if Finland is attacked again? If Germany's pressure was so successful in the last three months, why should it not be even more successful in the future, now that Finland's defences are down? The whole thing seems to me to be pretty queer—to use the politest word I can think of.

THE news which filters through from Poland becomes more and more horrible. A vast compulsory migration is in progress which is unparalleled in the history of Europe for at least a couple of thousand years. In order to prove that the Polish provinces of Poznania and Pomorze are really German, all the Poles are being evicted and their places are being filled with German immigrants from the Baltic and from the Ukraine. In a few months' time the Nazis will be able to point to two new provinces of the Reich which contain 100 per cent. German citizens.

AS for the circumstances of the mass-migrations, they are too ghastly to contemplate. An entire European nation of thirty millions is being destroyed in the twentieth century. It is almost impossible to believe. A million Poles are being drafted into Germany, under Marshal Goering's new scheme, to work on the land as slaves, while the upper and middle classes are being allowed to starve, and the intellectuals are being tortured to death in concentration camps. And there are still people in this country who maintain that "Hitler is a great man." I heard one—a charming and influential lady—say that in a drawing-room only last week, and she defended her thesis with vigour and eloquence.

NO one admires the United States and its citizens more than I do, and I number, I am happy to say, hundreds of the latter among my friends. But even the most ardent enthusiast for everything American is bound to feel a little disquieted when he reads that the first fine rapture of the Americans on behalf of Finland was whittled down to a small credit for the purchase of agricultural products, while in the same period there was an enormous increase of exports from the United States through Vladivostok into Russia. These goods may either have helped the Russians against Finland or they may be on their way to Germany.

MR. J. L. GARVIN has added his redoubtable and powerful voice to the growing demand in the country for a War Cabinet which shall be exclusively devoted to running the war. There is only one man alive in the world to-day who has had the experience of conducting a world war to a victorious conclusion. Mr. Lloyd George has said over and over again that we could never have achieved the results of 1917 and 1918 unless there had been a small inner Cabinet entirely relieved of Ministerial responsibility. Mr. Lloyd George himself in those days came to the House of Commons only rarely. His work there was most loyally and ably done by Mr. Bonar Law, leaving the Prime Minister free for the really essential stuff.

EVERYONE in London knows from painful experience all about the coal shortage during the last month or two. The coal is lying at the pit-heads. The empty wagons are waiting to bring it to the towns. The fire-places are also empty, and yet it has been impossible for reasons of transport to connect the heaps of coal with the empty fire-places. At last the Prime Minister stepped forward and said that he would be personally responsible for clearing up the muddle.

*A Scottish M.P. and His Fiancée*

*James Henderson Stewart and Margaret Greenwell announced their engagement early in March. He has been Liberal National Member for East Fife since 1933, lives at Birchwood House, Woldingham, Surrey. She is the fourth daughter of the late Sir Bernard Greenwell, Bt., and Anna Lady Greenwell. Her brother, Sir Peter Greenwell, married Henrietta Haig-Thomas in February*

*Gardening Talk at a Literary Luncheon*

*C. H. Middleton (right), the most popular gardener in Great Britain, was chief guest at Christina Foyle's Gardening Luncheon, and spoke on "Gardening in Wartime." Next him sat another guest of honour, Sir Arthur W. Hill, who has been Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, for eighteen years. Other guests of gardening honour were Sir Robert Tasker, Master of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, Constance Spry and Beverley Nichols*

That was a very good gesture. But surely it is not the job of the Prime Minister in these days to fiddle about with coal-scuttles. His job is to win the war. And that is exactly what Mr. Garvin, and those of us who think in the same way, feel. Mr. Chamberlain has plenty on his hands with Mr. Hitler and Mr. Goering without going into the coal trade in person.

THE Army becomes more and more democratic every day, and this is in itself a good thing, but let us not lose sight of one essential fact. The French Army is the most democratic in the world, but its officers are most certainly not democratic. The officers are taken young and are trained to be officers in a very definite officer-caste. General Spears has pointed out that in the French Army to-day, with its many hundred Generals and five million soldiers, only one General in an effective command has risen from the ranks. In other words, democracy in the Army is one thing, but technical and professional efficiency is another.

SUNDAY after Sunday passes and still the cinemas are shut, and still the soldiers drift aimlessly about the streets, bored and tired. The decision to open cinemas or not rests with local authorities, and the Home Secretary firmly refuses to take the power into his own hands and override the local authorities, and so the dreary farce goes on.

NOW that the days are getting longer and spring is at hand, the black-out is not quite so depressing to the spirits, so bad for the temper, or so hard upon the shinbones as it was in the depths of winter. Nevertheless it is still permissible to ask if all that dislocation of life really was worth while from the standpoint of national defence. We are assured, of course, that it was. And at the same time we are told that the Royal Air Force flying over a completely blacked-out Berlin could distinguish the Unter den Linden, and Mr. Kirkwood keeps on asking, and never getting an answer, why Glasgow should be blacked-out when the West of Scotland is a blaze of ironworks roaring up into the sky.

ONE moral which comes out very clearly from the debate in the House of Commons on the alleged commission-hunting in connection with the Ministry of Supply is a somewhat unexpected one. It is this. If your name is mentioned in a debate in the House, and if a Press photographer happens to meet you in the street on the same day, and happens to want to take a photograph of you, do not attack him with your stick, because the photographer might easily get a snap of you in a rather undignified attitude, and then you might appear on the front page of the *News Chronicle* next morning, and then your friends might cut out the photograph and send it to you.

THE regulations for sending correspondence to British prisoners of war interned in Germany were drawn up, naturally, by the German authorities, and communicated to this country. Unfortunately, they did not arrive to be included in this year's *Whitaker's Almanack*, and so that indispensable volume contains instructions on how to send letters and parcels to German prisoners in England, but not how to send them to British prisoners in Germany. Mr. Keeling, M.P., thought that if both could not be included, neither should have been, and I am inclined to agree with him.

IN the theatre world revue follows revue unendingly. In the West End at the moment there are eight straight plays and eighteen musicals, and of the straight plays two or three at least are pure and simple farce. For real drama there are only the two plays of Mr. Emlyn Williams, that magnificent thriller, *Ladies in Retirement*, and Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* at the Westminster. The idea still persists that soldiers only want to see nonsense.

MR. GEORGE PREEDY, that indefatigable biographer and historian, has just published a book on Paul Jones, who has often been called the Father of the American Navy. Jones had a peculiar career. He was the son of a Scottish gardener in Ayrshire, and his real name was John Paul. He was a slaver, a smuggler, and a slave-owner before he finally joined up with the American Navy in the War of Independence. Later on, as was the habit of so many Scotsmen in those days, he became a Rear-Admiral in the Navy of Russia. Mr. Preedy's book is entertaining, as all books about rascals are apt to be.

THE arguments for and against fox-hunting have often been put forward in these pages (although I must admit perhaps that the arguments against have had more than their fair share of the space). The matter is coming up again from a different angle. Owing to war conditions hunting is much restricted. Ought, then, the farmers be encouraged to shoot foxes? Major-General Sir A. Knox, M.P., can hardly be described as having helped on the cause of the fox-hunters by asking in the House the other day whether the Secretary of State for Scotland was aware of the damage caused to foxes by the lack of poultry.

*Contemporary Art at the National Gallery*

*Responsible for the idea of an exhibition of modern British pictures at the National Gallery was Lilian Browse, director of a Bond Street art gallery, and Sir Kenneth Clark and the Trustees have left her to organise it. Here she and the Keeper of the National Gallery, W. P. Gibson, supervise the hanging of an Augustus John self-portrait. The private collectors who have loaned all the 300 pictures are headed by the Queen. The exhibition was due to open immediately after Easter*

*President Benesh Told the Oxford Union: "I Am for Democracy"*

*During Dr. Edouard Benesh's recent visit to Oxford, a Union debate was held on the motion "That this House has no faith in Liberal Western democracy as a basis of government." There was a big crowd to hear one of democracy's most passionate and moving defenders oppose the motion. Dr. Benesh was at Oxford to receive his honorary D.C.L. This took place on the anniversary of Thomas Masaryk's birth, and Dr. Benesh took as subject for his address the personality, statesmanship and philosophy of that great Czech*

# Social Register

*Major Coghill and the Hon. Patricia St. Clair*

*Major Charles A. R. Coghill, Scots Guards, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Coghill, of Almington Hall, Market Drayton, Salop. The Hon. Patricia St. Clair is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Sinclair of Milton Park, Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire. They were married quietly a week before Easter at the King's Chapel of the Savoy*

*Mr. Barry Black and Miss Jean Innes-Ker*

*Reginald Baron Black and Jean Innes-Ker, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, of 1, Oxford Square, W.2, and cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe, were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand. He is the son of the late J. B. Black, and Mrs. Black*

*A Debutante Dancing*

*Maxine Birley, who seems already to have been recognised as the star debutante of 1940 for looks and charm, was dancing at a London restaurant with Mark Howard. She is the daughter of Captain Oswald Birley, the artist, and Mrs. Birley. They have a London house in St. John's Wood, and a country house in Sussex*

*Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mrs. Walter Payne, Mrs. Sabey*

*Lady Louis Mountbatten was chairman of the Ladies' Committee of the Red Cross gala matinée at the Palace Theatre, at which she was photographed. She was wearing her W.R.N.S. uniform, in contrast to the gaily-beflowered spring hats of Mrs. Walter Payne and her daughter, Mrs. Sabey. The King and Queen went to the matinée, which was a tremendous theatrical occasion, and a great charitable one too, since £2300 was raised for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund*

### Mr. Marten and the Hon. Avice Vernon

*Francis William Marten and the Hon. Avice Irene Vernon were also married quietly before Easter at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. He is the elder son of Vice-Admiral F. A. Marten, of Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, and Mrs. Marten, of Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1. She is the only daughter of Com. Lord and Lady Vernon, of Sudbury Hall, Derby*

*Debutante Programme Sellers at the Wool Gala: Miss Belinda Dawson, Miss Mary Churchill, Miss Barbadee Knight, the Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton, Miss Bigelow*

### Guests at the Wool Gala

*Mrs. Anthony Eden, wife of the Dominions Secretary, presented the cup for the shop with the best "wool window" in the Bond Street co-operative wool week, won, enterprisingly enough, by Charbonnel and Walker. With her, at the Wool Gala at the Aeolian Hall, are Mr. and Mrs. A. Foster Du Plessis, he being the South African member of the International Wool Secretariat. The debs at the top, including Mr. Winston Churchill's daughter, sold programmes at the Gala, which included a display of old and new wool fashions*

### Christening of Sir John and Lady Priscilla Aird's Son

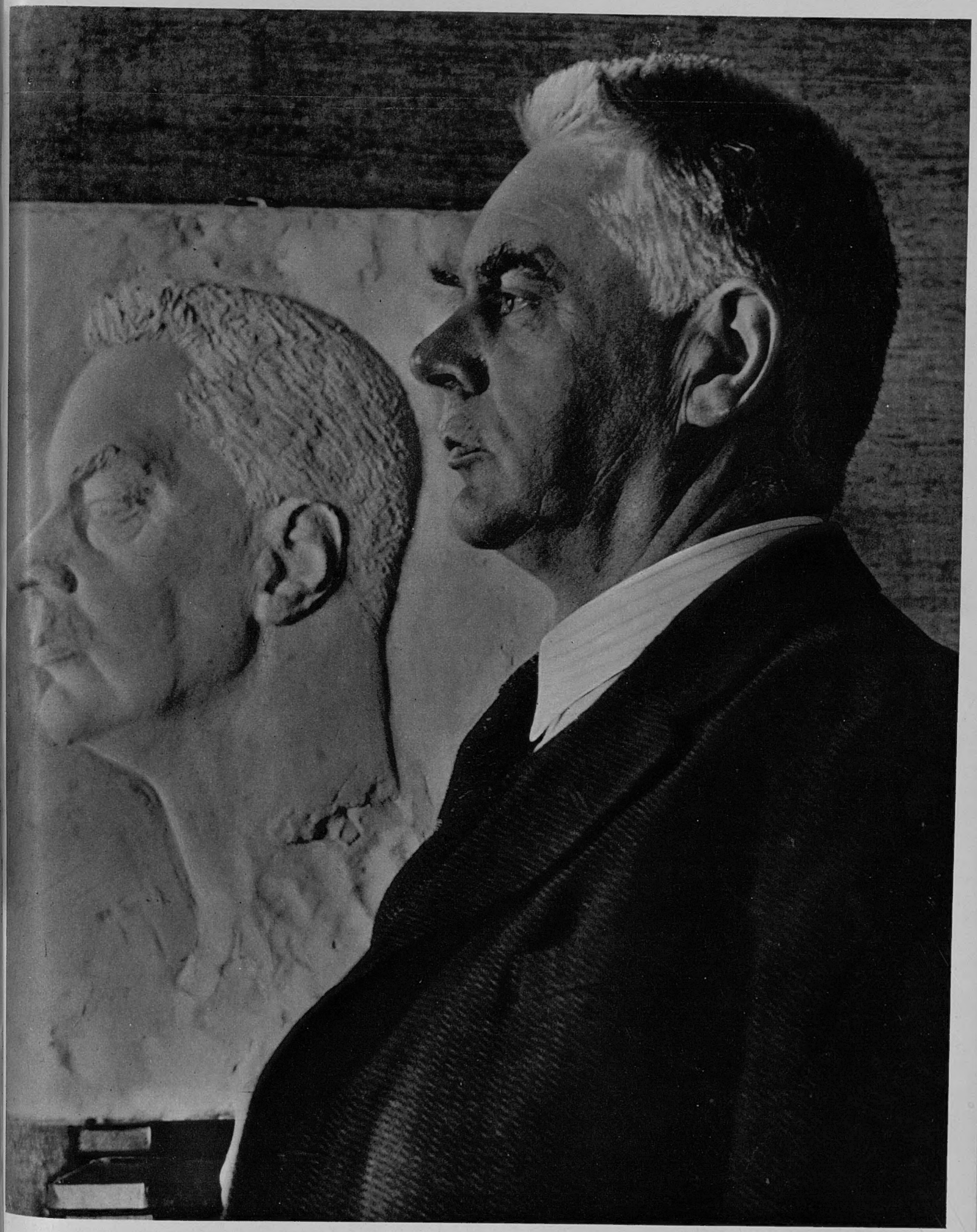
*George John Aird, the son and heir of Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Aird, Bt., and Lady Priscilla Aird, was christened in the Royal Chapel, Windsor Great Park, and has the King, General Viscount Gort, V.C., Miss G. Aird, and Miss Pamela Schreiber as his godparents. In the photograph, left, are his grandfather, the Earl of Ancaster, proxy for the King, his parents, and the Hon. Charles Vereker, proxy for Lord Gort. Sir John Aird commands a battalion of Grenadier Guards, is an Extra Equerry to the King. Lady Priscilla Aird is Lord and Lady Ancaster's younger daughter. They were married last year*

*Christian Guenther, Foreign Minister of Sweden, is fifty-three, a diplomat rather than a politician*

# Defenders of Northern Neutrality: The Foreign Ministers of Norway and Sweden

No countries have had to calculate the price of neutrality more painfully than the Scandinavian neighbours of Finland. No more unenviable burden has been carried since war began than that of the men directing the foreign policies of Sweden and Norway during February and March. Heaviest burden was that of Christian Guenther. But he had moved into the eighteenth-century palace between the Riksdag (of which he is not a member) and the Opera, Stockholm, with his eyes open; that is to say, he took over the F.O. from popular, Anglophile Richard Sandler when Russia had already marched. His sympathy with Finland's cause did not blind him for an instant to the danger, if Allied help travelled by Swedish roads, of his country's becoming a new cockpit of Europe. Guenther, tall, dark, studious, was called at the age of thirty to organise Swedish wartime economy in 1916, became "potato dictator," entered the foreign service, and was Under Secretary of State before going to Oslo as Minister (where he was in constant touch with Koht). Now his calculations turn on the effects on Sweden's hard-kept neutrality of the proposed defensive alliance with Norway and Finland

A few weeks ago Norway—and Professor Koht—meant to British minds the Altmark incident. Then belligerents' rights in neutral waters gave headline place to the question of belligerents' troops passing through neutral territory. Professor Koht, pacifist by conviction, saw only "disastrous consequences" for his country if Allied troops landed there en route for Finland. Problems facing the Professor now are the defensive alliance with Sweden and Finland, the fate of Norwegian capital in the Lake Ladoga pulp mills, now Russian, the use to which Russia will put her right of free transit to Norway through the Petsamo district, and the German attacks on Norway's richest asset, her shipping. Halvadan Koht brings peculiar qualifications to the solution of these problems: son of a Tromsoe schoolmaster, he went for a scholastic career, got a lectureship in history at Oslo in 1908, a Professorship in 1910, and held it till 1935, when his activity in the Social-Democratic (Labour) party got him his present post. His practical knowledge of Europe is that of the scholar—he studied at Copenhagen, Leipzig, the Sorbonne, is a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. He is an expert on Ibsen, has been married forty years, has a son in the Diplomatic



***Halvadan Koht,*** *Foreign Minister of Norway, is sixty-six, a Professor of History and a Social Democrat*

*Baron*

# "Cousin Muriel"

## Six Characters from Clemence Dane's Play at the Globe

*Cousin Muriel Meilhac is gay, charming and dishonest. She pilfers bags and stockings from shops, adds noughts to the figures on housekeeping cheques, and keeps small hoards of money all over the place, even in the piano. In this part Edith Evans, in James Agate's words, "runs the gamut of all her comedic talents like a great pianist practising scales, octaves, trills and arpeggi"*

*The Irish maid, Patricia, is being trained by Cousin Muriel, but her social education is in the hands of Campbell, the butler, who will not have his master called "His Nibs." Betty Chancellor has a delicious comedic talent of her own (for example, her Baby Furze in "Spring Meeting"), and adds a new portrait to the theatre's vast gallery of maids. Fred Groves is the butler*

*The young couple of the play are Richard, Cousin Muriel's son, and Dinah, Sir Hubert Sylvester's daughter. It is Dinah's twenty-first birthday and that is why she is wearing her grandmother's dress; she and Richard are engaged and that is why she is wearing her ring; they have discovered his mother is, bluntly, a thief and a forger, and that is why they are in trouble. Alec Guinness and Peggy Ashcroft are a most attractive pair of young lovers, have both been warmly praised for their playing* *(see also p. 391)*

The critics gave Miss Dane a good rating for the way she had ended her *Cousin Muriel*. She took their words to heart and three or four days later the final curtain came down on a different situation, which sends audiences much more happily home to tell their friends to see the play. Or perhaps they recommend more warmly the acting than the play, for the cast is a very excellent one. *Cousin Muriel* was reviewed by Mr. Farjeon last week

*Sir Hubert, a Harley Street specialist, is Cousin Muriel's employer and the victim of her cheque-altering expertise. Frederick Leister plays this strong and successful but rather gullible man. Here he accuses Cousin Muriel of turning nine pounds into ninety*

# The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

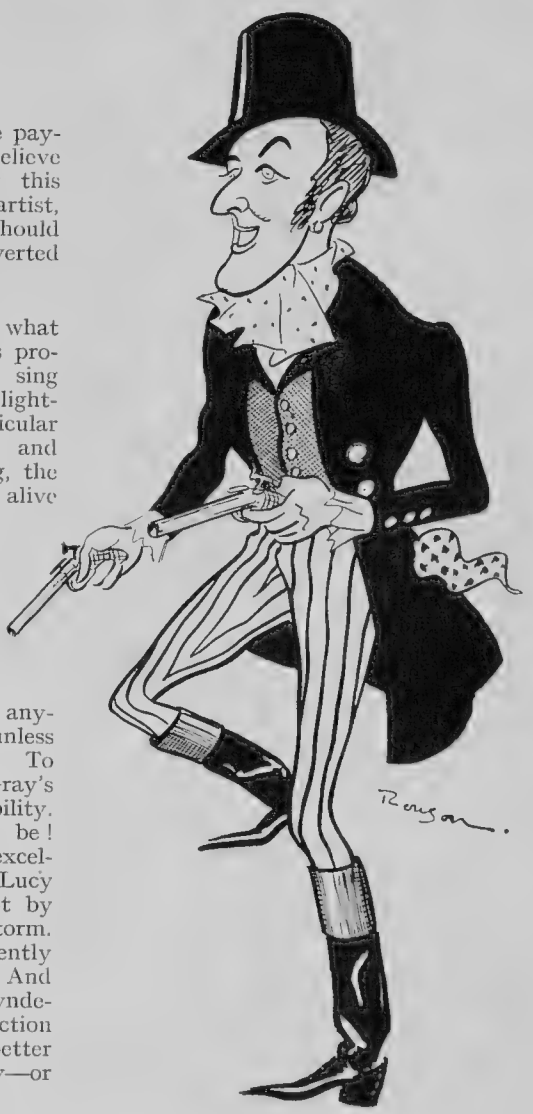
***"The Beggar's Opera" (Haymarket)***

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S production of *The Beggar's Opera* was, in the view of some of us, just a pretty taradiddle. If it was not true, it was taking. It lifted the eighteenth century out of the Wardour Street rut, gave it a thorough dusting and a new coat of paint, substituted cerise and apple-green for the old snuff and plum, coloured the camberpots a rather sweet magenta pour épater l'intelligentsia, and generally led us up the garden path into an arbour where sugar and spice and everything nice were elegantly spread before us.

The new John Gielgud production at the Haymarket is quite another thing. With the assistance of Motley, it achieves an authentic quality of swarthiness, substitutes an Irish stew for the Neapolitan ice, and is in that respect sounder and preferable. For some reason, however, which does not appear in the text or (what is important) the flavour of the text, it has skipped a century, landing quixotically in the eighteen-twenties, with highwaymen who seem to be on the brink of transmogrification into Artful Dodgers. Mr. Gielgud's explanation of this is a desire "to avoid limping in the footsteps" of Nigel Playfair and Lovat Fraser. And here he lays bare the root of the evil of only too many of the "period" revivals we get nowadays—the fear of doing what has been done before. To avoid what was bad is reasonable. But surely to jettison what was good because it is not novel is the way to perdition? Should an actor essay a new and less truthful interpretation of his part after a hundred nights because many of the audience may now be paying a second visit? I cannot believe that Mr. Gielgud would answer this question in the affirmative. An artist, whether actor, producer or author, should be spurred by convictions, not diverted by fears.

ALTHOUGH I believe in repeating what is good, I am grateful in this production for the rigid refusal to sing encores. The music, as ever, is delightful. And though, through no particular fault of the players, Peachum and Lockit are rather dreadfully boring, the performance is always brilliantly alive when Mr. Michael Redgrave and Miss Linda Gray are on the stage. Mr. Redgrave has dash, address, good looks, a pleasant (if not a Glyndebourne) voice. Though he may not entirely master the slant of Macheath, every heart is his for the asking, and you can't look at anything else when he is on the stage unless Miss Gray is on the stage too. To withdraw your eyes from Miss Gray's Lucy is almost a physical impossibility. What a Rosa Dartle she would be! For once, despite Miss Mildmay's excellent singing, it is not Polly but Lucy who takes the town, taking it not by charming subterfuge but by stark storm.

The male choruses are magnificently rendered by Macheath's gang. And though this is perhaps less a Glyndebourne than a John Gielgud production in effect, you won't hear anything better sung on the London stage to-day—or probably this year.




*Macheath: Michael Redgrave*

*Sketches by Rowson*

*Lucy Lockit and Polly Peachum: Linda Gray and Audrey Mildmay*

*Peachum and Lockit: Roy Henderson, Joseph Farrington*

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

*"I'm afraid you have rather misunderstood our advertisement for a sleeping partner"*

ONLY two nudes—correct us if miserably wrong—were among the 1018 pictures selected by that popular ballot the other day at the United Artists' Exhibition at Burlington House. From this an eminent firm of actuaries has calculated that the Island Race, who a generation or two ago would have rushed to choose every nude in the show (the ballot was secret), are now bored and fretful with the female torso, which has been thrust on their notice a trifle overmuch during the past few years by stage and screen and advertisement, and is now about as interesting to the average citizen, we guess, as a stroll round Smithfield. (The A.T.S. authorities haven't yet grasped this, judging by a recent leave-order: "*Members of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service will show their pink forms whenever called upon to do so.*") Moreover, neither of the nudes selected at the Academy is of the fast, roguey, enticing or *Vie Parisienne* type. Both are serious, and even a trifle worried by housewifely cares, we judge. Dame Laura Knight's "Golden Girl" has evidently paused while rubbing herself down to call to the maid to ring up the plumber and say that upstairs cistern has gone wrong again. Mr. Greenup's "Waking Year" looks a trifle cross as she sits against a lake-and-mountain background, one hand on her back hair. She has, maybe, just remembered she forgot to tell the butcher not to call. The evident moral preached by both canvases is that though a girl may have taken off all her clothes she is not necessarily a flibbertigibbet or a fly-by-night, but a responsible citizen, and we deduce this is entirely to the taste of the populace. Fewer and more sober-minded nudes—that is the cry. If the artist boys and girls must paint naked women, let them henceforth be sewing or ironing or dusting the drawing-room, or, in a leisure moment, playing the fiddle or 'cello, like those four stout naked gentlemen we saw once in a German nudist magazine, sawing away at a Beethoven string quartet with dogged concentration. This movement will make a few of those cheap "art" weeklies look strangely old-fashioned with their array of swooning, luring, ogling nudes, and may put them eventually out of business, which mightn't be a bad thing, at that.

### *Chum*

PIGS are such charming, playful, and affectionate animals that we frequently long to take a few of those myriad cretins who slobber perpetually over pampered bow-wows and pen them in a sty for a few hours. They would then learn that there are dumb chums who never fawn or flatter, but are prepared to romp with them on equal terms (generally speaking, and excluding some of the Bloomsbury mob, whom few self-respecting pigs would care to play with). Loving pigs as we do, for these and many more reasons, we were revolted by a piece of cold-blooded Government cruelty revealed recently in *The Times*. Under a new official grading scheme, it appears, pigs' ears are pierced with a kind of diabolical nutcrackers containing fifteen to twenty steel pins, causing intense pain. This goes on in hundreds of markets weekly. We guess this device to be the work of some Government official who is surrounded by bow-wows of the most despicable type, licking his hands and feet, and worshipping him with their eyes and treating him like a god. You don't get that lackey stuff from a pig, who will trot round after you with pleasure but never disguises his opinion that you are a creature of clay like himself, swayed by the same passions and follies, and yet—though a pig is far too humble and polite to make an issue of it—equipped with an immortal soul. This makes it difficult at times to look a pig in the eye, a pig's eye being clear, frank, and sometimes genially accusing. Very rightly the chap who exposed this Government brutality in *The Times* (compare bullfighting, huh?) called to every pig-lover to stir his M.P. into instant action. We doubt if this will arouse public interest until somebody disguises a Berkshire pig as an Airedale and is publicly rude to it. Then the whole Race will rise and take him to pieces, for a start.

*"Then I take it, gentlemen, this design falls short of its object—it fails to make us hungry"*

### *Bombshell*

BOOKSY circles are shrilly discussing a recent manifesto in which Mr. Geoffrey Faber, President of the Publishers' Association, intimated that the British booksy racket demonstrates to the world what kind of a civilisation we are fighting for. This statement has galvanised the more dishevelled fiction girls into dreadful life, and may lead, at forthcoming cocktail parties, to what the French call a *crépage de chignons*, or a considerable ruffling of back hair during a girlish free-for-all. For it is plain—is it not?—that not all the masterpieces which pour monthly from the publishers and drive leading critics mad with excitement can be said to represent equally what we are fighting for. Opal Howe-Dopie's gripping new study of an incestuous insurance-agent ("500th Thousand Before Publication!") for example, may not ring the bell abroad as loudly and instantly as Mrs. Hemingway Gowle's next shattering opus, dealing with the inhibitions of a

(Concluded on page 384)

# These Clever People . . .

## 4. Actors and Authors

***Ursula Bloom's*** *fifty-second book, "The Woman Who Was To-morrow," came out last month. Its plot, concerning the passionate secrets of Gohungry Farm, is exercising her large public. Her early life was spent entirely in the Cotswolds, where she wrote "Tiger," at the age of seven. Now she is the smartest of the established woman novelists, with a flat in Chelsea which houses her collection of early English samplers. Her husband, a Commander in the Royal Navy, is on night duty at the Admiralty, so they disconnect the telephone during the day, and her writing hours have become unusually peaceful*

*Ursula Bloom*

*Gladys Calthrop*

***Gladys Calthrop,*** *the celebrated stage designer, has just published her first novel, "Paper Pattern," and designed its wrapper. The theme is sophisticated domestic comedy of to-day, and the note—bitter-sweet. A good amateur pilot, she has flown a great deal in Germany and Hungary, and taken part in numerous cross-country races in England. She has a mill-house in Kent, and a large studio in Westminster, where the latest "job" was Clemence Dane's "Cousin Muriel," and before that, "All Clear." She has done the sets for every Coward play since "The Vortex." Mrs. Calthrop learnt her craft at Julien's famous atelier*

***Stanley Lupino,*** *comedian, now in "Funny Side Up," was photographed—ready to go on—in his dressing-room, with a portrait of his father. He is also a writer. Almost every day he jots things down—"mostly life's little tragedies"—but has never thought of publishing these observations, some of them in verse. He also writes stories and lyrics for his family's amusement only. "From the Stocks to the Stars," a history of the amazing Lupino dynasty, enjoyed considerable success, and he has also published a comic novel called "Crazy Days." He is a great champion of the chorus. Thinks them "the nicest-minded, best-behaved kids in the world"*

*Stanley Lupino*

*A. G. Macdonell*

***Archie Macdonell*** *stands on the doorstep of his typically homme de lettres dwelling in Palmer Street, Petty France. He was just back from the dentist when the photographer called. Recently he was in Scandinavia, as "Bystander" readers know. A map of Finland and the Baltic on his living-room wall provides a realistic contrast to Cathleen Mann's impressionistic picture of the Riviera in summer sunshine. His new book, "The Crew of the Anaconda," comes out on Friday*

***Cicely Courtneidge,*** *one of the few comediennes who is a character off as well as on, holds definite views about Life, the War, England, Home, Duty and Cricket. Profoundly patriotic, she thinks everyone should give up those hobbies which do not contribute to the national effort, so her energies, aside from routine work, are concentrated on entertainments for the troops. Jack Hulbert is encouraged to go down on the farm and dig, etc. His is one of the biggest model farms in Herts. Soon they start the movie of "Under Your Hat." The toy dogs and several photographs of Princess Arthur of Connaught decorate her dressing-room wherever she acts or films*

*Cicely Courtneidge*

***Leonora Corbett,*** *beautiful and intelligent young actress who looks a little like Diana Wynyard, was about to become Noel Coward's new leading lady in a series of plays which will not now be seen until after the war, though they were in rehearsal on September 3rd, 1939. She has another talent: she draws. Her portrait-sketches have never been published or exhibited. The best to date is of Lord Castlerosse. She is the glamorous spy in the musical show at the Palace—as a change from Shaw, in which she made her name. She reads a novel a day, and knits a scarf a week: the two simultaneously*

*Leonora Corbett*

## Standing By . . .

*(Continued from page 382)*

bow-legged suburban nursery governess. Moreover, one may be 2675 pages long, the other only 1983. Who is to judge which of these sweethearts most truly represents our civilisation ?

***Row***

After many years an anti-Wagner demonstration has again enlivened Paris. The first—was it in the '60's or '70's ?—was a protest against the hellish noise in which the Slogger so frequently delights. This time the conductor of the Concerts Colonne reduced the Wagnerian items in a Sunday programme by one, causing protests on (oddly enough) both sides. The obvious case against Hitler's idol at the moment, if you need one, seems to us to be his glorification of the Nazi Spirit—for what else but idealised Goerings of both sexes are all those idiotic stamping and roaring gods and goddesses, and what else but pure essential Nazism is the tomfool Nibelungen Legend, which Wagner took so seriously ? We grant you he piped down a little in *Tristan* and also in *Parsifal*, which both have lovely passages, but his real life job was the *Ring*, and we defy any Wagnerian addict to prove that uproar a civilised work.

It 's not surprising that the Slogger rubs the French now and again the wrong way. Their civilisation, which is Europe's, is expressed musically for us in terms of Josquin des Prés, Couperin, Rameau, Debussy, Fauré—ask some tall girl with a pleasing voice to sing you *Les Palmes*, and inhale essential French culture like a perfume of exquisite delicacy—Chausson, and to some extent, Ravel and Reynaldo Hahn. None of these boys has ever loved a row, except with his rivals, and all that terrific Gallic energy and drive never led them into excess or barbarism. If you have any explanation to offer, colour neatly and post to " Auntie Madge, Chicks' Corner, *The New Statesman*," who will give you a nice prize, we expect.

***Tip***

In a little Manual of British Light Infantry Campaign Training, 1801, printed in French (presumably for Napoleon's benefit), belonging formerly to a Major of the 6th Foot, and picked up by us on a sixpenny bookstall, we found a few maxims of such moral value that they occurred to us as being of interest to the soldiery even to-day. " Light infantry service," begins the anonymous author, " purged of everything repugnant to honour, morality, and the aims of war, has always been considered the best school for officers who do not desire to end their lives idling in the job they occupy, or in some higher rank to which their ambition may be confined." In a footnote he explains what he means by " honour and morality." Troops in occupied country may ruin the *innocens et malheureux* inhabitants, drive off their cattle, seize their crops, and burn what they cannot take away, but they must not indulge in rape, torture, and theft of money or personal belongings. However, " in war it is not a question of distinguishing theologically between what is just and unjust, but only between what pertains to the objects of war and what does not." A nice distinction, we thought, remembering what tough citizens Wellington's troops were, how many of them had seen the insides of gaols, and how discipline was enforced by ferocious punishment and ritual floggings. In the intervals it was the officer's duty, then as now, to capture his men's affection, " which can best be done," our author says, " by carefully supplying their needs and sparing them useless fatigue." Also, he adds, by avoiding drunkenness and the greatest disgrace of all, which is for a light infantry officer to get a name for snaffling profits and booty, thereby turning his career into " a buccaneer's racket " (*une spéculation de corsaire*).

***Bet***

Mr. Gene Tunney has just won a £1000 wager with an American professor over a disputed passage in *Macbeth*, which, as one of the Fleet Street boys observed, leaping straight to the heart of the matter, is more than Shakespeare got for writing the entire play. The incident shows once more how Time Marches On. Mr. Tunney, ex-heavyweight world-champ, really is a Shakespearean scholar, a combination which would have surprised nobody in the Middle Ages or the Renaissance, but throws the gossip boys of our advanced age into a perpetual state of nervous gigglings. Living in a gay, feverish world as they do, a gobbet of reality invariably brings these sweethearts up all standing and carries away their bobstay. Maybe the boys are so used to announcing that certain Hollywood stars curl up nightly with all the existing Latin authors (Ennius to Sidonius Appollinaris) and all the Greeks (Sappho to Origen) that the case of Mr. Tunney, which happens for once to be authentic, knocks them groggy. As Slogger Keats soundly remarked, let the winged Fancy roam, pleasure never is at home ; and what Fancy's votaries would have made of Pico della Mirandola or the Admirable Crichton, we can't imagine.

There 's an O. Henry story which seems to bear slightly on the situation. We mean the one about the hayseed who hit New York in all his innocent native picturesqueness, flourishing a bagful of dollar notes and asking for it. The wise guys sheer off instantly, taking him for a police nark. Then the rustic changes into urban costume and they recognise their prey and skin him on the spot. Perpetual immersion in the phoney has worked a certain havoc with other people's sense of values also, we dare conclude. No wonder an increasing number of citizens are tending to cry, in the words of a recent weekly review poster : " Facts, not News ! "

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

*" So that 's what I look like "*

# More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"You 'd better stick to Halifax's war aims, mate. The ones *you* got will land yer in Bow Street if yer ain't careful"

# Easter Leave

## Laugh-Song-and-Dance Shows to see in London——if you can get in!

### "The Little Dog Laughed": Palladium

*The Crazy Gang Rules its Roost*

*"The Little Dog Laughed," one of the oldest war shows (started in October), is the Crazy Gang's vehicle, looks like being as long-running a vehicle as the six usually drive in. Here Syd Railton, on far left, has the honour to join them as beefeaters, the others being Nervo, Gold, Allen, Knox, Naughton, Flanagan*

### "All Clear": Queen's

*Beatrice Lillie, "Weary of It All"*

*The poor little cabaret star, tired of gold-digging with a muckrake, is the butt of this Coward song put over by Bea Lillie in the revue at the Queen's. Co-stars with her in the show are Fred Emney, Adèle Dixon, Bobby Howes*

### "Haw-Haw!": Holborn Empire

*Bébé Daniels, Cuban* *Max Miller, Coster*

*George Black followed the Haw-Haw craze, and called his variety show at the Holborn Empire after the unfortunate and misunderstood propagandist. Bébé Daniels puts over the glamour, Max Miller (don't take your maiden aunt) and Ben Lyon do the funny stuff. Microphones de rigueur*

### "Funny Side Up": His Majesty's

*Lupino and Florence Desmond Guy the Village*

*This revue-variety stars the two above, plus Sally Gray, a newcomer from films, as glamour-giver. In "The Village Rehearsal," Stanley Lupino is a maestro, Florence Desmond a prima donna, visiting the usual stage village hall with the usual stage vicar (background)*

*Riscoe, Howard and Hearne Gambol*

## "Shephard's Pie": Princes

*"Shephard's Pie"—the spelling comes from presenter Firth Shephard—is a glorious re-hash of the best of the last ten years, plus topical seasoning. The three inimitables above (in "Home Comforts" here) are supported by Vera Pearce, as usual, and Phyllis Robins as glamouriser*

***"The Day in the Life of . . . a Cochran Young Lady"** is the title of this turn at the Savoy (Phyllis Pearce, Robert Lindon, three Young Ladies), taken from a contemporary's predilection for Days in Lives of anything from Charlady to Red Indian*

## "Lights Up!": Savoy

*Evelyn Laye as Comedian*

*Cochran's revue at the Savoy, one of the later additions to London's lighter wartime fare, is by C.B.C.'s old collaborators, Ronald Jeans and Noel Gay, with plenty of Doranna Zinkeisen thrown in. Stars are Clifford Mollison, Martyn Green and Evelyn Laye—her return being as welcome as Cochran's, and signalled by a demonstration of a great talent for comedy*

## "Black Velvet": Hippodrome

*Oliver and Others*

*"Black Velvet," now in its second edition, is a build-up around the special brand of compèreing that is Vic Oliver's. Plenty of laughs, a ballet with Wendy Toye, and glamour by Roma Beaumont (left, with Oliver) and Pat Kirkwood (right) are the specialities. Also a chance for brave soldiers, sailors and airmen to polka with leading ladies and chorus*

The "Bystander" visits

# Sir Nevile Henderson

The last Ambassador to leave the enemy before war, and the man who officially knows most about the enemy, is always a figure of interest at home, and Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador in Berlin 1937 - 39, is no exception. H.M. Stationery Office did a smart job of publishing with the White Book of Anglo-German exchanges and already in that best-seller the author of many of the despatches stood out as a man who observed and could set down his observations. Now with the blessing of the Foreign Office—an essential before an envoy may publicise his official experiences—the Ambassador has written *Failure of a Mission*, his own account of political Berlin during his twenty-eight-months' stay there. He designed the book for the man in the street—and his success is best proved by its serialisation in the *Daily Herald*. Profits from *Failure of a Mission* go to the author's pet cause—the British War Refugees Fund, of which he is founder and treasurer. Diplomate de carrière, Nevile Meyrick Henderson went into the Diplomatic after Eton, has served in four continents, starting at St. Petersburg in 1905, scoring a notable personal success in Cairo after the war, getting his first Legation in Belgrade, his first Embassy in Argentine; and so he has had little time for English country life (he is an excellent shot and keen fisherman). But on leaving Berlin with only his dog and his clothes, he was delighted to make straight for Rauceby Hall, Lincolnshire. Here he wrote his book, and awaits his next appointment

***"Failure of a Mission"*** *was written at this desk at Rauceby, with the help of Roget's Thesaurus, cigarettes of the brand Henderson has always smoked the world over, a barometer, two apples and a cigar-box. The Foreign Office held over the Ambassador's next appointment to give him time to write the book, blessed by them*

*Photographs by Pictorial Press*

***Rauceby Hall*** *dominates a village of five hundred, is 120 miles from London, belongs to Mrs. Sylvia Henderson, Sir Nevile's aunt*

***He reads "The Times"*** *before a cheerful log-fire*

***He also reads*** *detective novels—Sayers for preference*

***Calls from Whitehall** are not infrequent; the Foreign Office continually consults its ex-Berlin man on German personalities or probabilities*

*Anthony Beauchamp*

# Margaret Rawlings

Margaret Rawlings is rehearsing in a new play, as yet unnamed, by Diana (*Gate Revue*) Morgan, in which she will play the part of Lilian Braithwaite's daughter. These two actresses have never played together before

*Angus McBean*

# Peggy Ashcroft

Peggy Ashcroft is playing Dinah in Clemence Dane's *Cousin Muriel*, at the Globe (reviewed by Mr. Farjeon last week), and gives one of her delicate, dewy-eyed, delicious pictures of a young girl in love. Alec Guinness, one of the best young actors on the stage, is her partner in emotion

# "Drums Along the Mohawk"

## Red Indians and British are the Bad Men

20th Century-Fox went into the wilderness to make this film from Walter Edmunds' book, into the wilderness of a location on a mountain in Utah. The place, 10,400 feet above sea-level, was picked for its similarity to the eighteenth-century Mohawk Valley setting for the film. 300 actors, technicians and labourers, headed by director John Ford, Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda, set up in a mountain camp which gave employment to over 1000, cost 2000 dollars a day and so on. *Drums Along the Mohawk* tells the tale of early settlers in the Mohawk Valley, their fight against natural and man-made difficulties. The happy ending is provided by the announcement that the British yoke has been thrown off. The film can be seen at the Gaumont Theatre from to-day

***Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda*** *are heroine and hero. She is a young girl who throws up a good home in Boston to go into the wilds for love, doesn't like it first, but settles down after various tribulations*

***Covered waggons,*** *defence of stockades, gallant women loading for their men are all here. The guns are modern flintlocks of an old pattern manufactured by a Belgian firm which still finds a market in Africa; the same weapons were used by the Ethiopians against Italian machine-guns in 1935*

***Red Indian parties*** *like this are a wow in the film's middle, but later get broken up by American colonial troops. Fox found when casting that Hollywood boasted only two Iroquois, so a hundred and fifteen assorted redskins were disguised as members of this tribe*

*"Sigrid, you're wonderful!": Rathbone and Gurie*

*"Victor, you're wonderful!" Rathbone and McLaglen*

*"Rio," which went to the London Pavilion before Easter, is a tangled skein of love, the plot, roughly, being that Basil Rathbone goes to a tropical prison-camp and leaves his wife, Sigrid Gurie (frontispiece), outside. She meets, in Rio, young Robert Cummings, and trouble ensues when the husband escapes with a tough fellow-prisoner called Victor McLaglen. Compare in these pictures the different styles of décolletage and bandeau available in South America. "Rio" is noticed on this page*

# Films of the Day: By George Campbell

## Mr. Disney Discussed

"PINOCCHIO," I have no doubt, will start the usual dithyrambs and ditherings. Disney-fanaticism has reached the point where anybody who suggests that the Disney factory is not entirely populated with Grimms, Sheridans and Michelangelos is regarded as a bit of a cad.

Up to a point I am with the fans. Even though most of the things believed of Mr. Disney are fairy-tales, even though he hasn't done any drawing for years and borrows his stories from the juvenile classics, he is still a very remarkable fellow. No matter who does the actual draughtsmanship, his productions have an individuality and consistent charm which can only be the reflection of his own personality. And they are marked by a taste that I, like the rest, had thought infallible.

If I use the past tense, it is because I regret to note, in *Pinocchio*, signs of a cheaper humour. The characters drop their trousers as regularly as Mr. Robertson Hare, exposing far more posterior in the process. We all know it's just a cartoon, and so forth. Nevertheless, I am sufficiently jealous of my Disney's art to resent the intrusion of such crude buffoonery. Let me add, too, while I am knocking, that the musical score doesn't compare with that in *Snow White*; and the story, which is what children want to see, takes the very devil of a time to get going. Cutting, and pretty ruthless cutting, would improve the tempo immensely.

This said, let's get to the more congenial business of praising the good things. The characters, for instance—perhaps the most delightful that even Mr. Disney has yet given us. The old wood-carver of Collodi's tale has been brought to the screen with a touch as loving as his own in the creation of Pinocchio. And who would not envy his household—Figaro, the jealous kitten, and Cleo, the goldfish, beautiful, blonde and flirtatious?

Enter Jiminy Cricket, a fine, swaggering fellow, who has seen the world without letting it corrupt his heart. When the Fairy gives the little puppet life, it is Jiminy who is appointed his conscience—Lord High Keeper of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong. Naturally, since Pinocchio is to be a real boy, it is not long before he is tested. J. Worthington Foulfellow, the leering fox, with his captivating bonhomie and rollicking song, "Hi-diddle-diddle-dee, an actor's life for me," meets him on the way to school and persuades him how much jollier an actor's life would be. So poor little Pinocchio is tricked and sold to Stromboli, the puppet-showman, who keeps him locked in a cage when he isn't performing, while Geppetto, the wood-carver, looks high and low for him, and Jiminy Cricket wrestles in vain with the big padlock.

Rescued from one mess, Pinocchio soon gets into another, for is he not now human? And so, again through the rascally Foulfellow, we see him on the way to the boys' paradise, Pleasure Island. Alas! Pleasure Island is a hell. The boys who thought life just one merry-go-round or pool-room after another all turn into donkeys, and even poor Pinocchio starts to sprout ears and tail alarmingly. How he escapes through the faithful Cricket, only to find that Geppetto has been lost at sea while searching for him and swallowed by a whale; how he sets out in turn to rescue Geppetto from Monstro's vast belly—these are chapters at which even hard-boiled youngsters will panic slightly. The under-water sequences are imaginative to the point of being macabre, and the final chase of the adventurers by Monstro reaches a climax as effective as the witch's end in *Snow White*. Need I add, too, that the narrative is constantly enlivened by wit, both in the invention of incident and in the dialogue, used with more freedom than Mr. Disney generally permits himself.

LAST year there was a French melodrama called *Carrefour*. Now Elstree has Englished it, under the title of *Dead Man's Shoes*. The story, wisely left untouched, tells of a prosperous and highly respected French manufacturer, who was wounded and lost his memory in the last war. Twenty years later he is alleged by a blackmailer to be a gangster impersonating the manufacturer, and goes to court to clear his name. He wins his case; but the chief witness confesses later that he was lying and expects to be paid handsomely for it, and so the manufacturer's own doubts, deepened by a former mistress's recognition, become agonising. I won't reveal the end, except to say that it gives Judy Kelly a chance for dramatic acting which she seizes with both hands. Leslie Banks plays the tortured hero and Wilfrid Lawson the blackmailer—familiar roles for both.

THE man-from-the-past crops up again in *Rio*. A brilliant but dishonest French financier is convicted and packed off to a penal island, which you won't find on any map, thirty miles from Rio de Janeiro. From this he escapes, murdering a fellow-fugitive in a very ungentlemanly manner. He arrives in Rio just in time to find a nice young American in his wife's dressing-room. This calls for melodrama, and you certainly get it. Basil Rathbone plays the financier, Victor McLaglen a dumb watchdog, Sigrid Gurie (pulling a Garbo on us) the wife, and Robert Cummings an American engineer who once had trouble and took to——. But there. I mustn't spoil the surprise.

The others include *Nick Carter*, a funny and highly efficient thriller about espionage, with Walter Pidgeon as the detective; and a revival of *Cavalcade*.

"Bystander" Short Story

# "Come, Chérie": By Theodora Benson

*Illustrations by Tunnicliffe*

*"I 'ave come," the boy said*

NOBBY was tired. He had never known a man could be so tired and still go on. Retiring, they called it, rear-guard action. Well, that might be one name for it, but it wasn't what he called it. Not by a long chalk. Running away, that's what we're doing, he said to himself. Running and running and running; fair sick of it I am. Why not stand and fight and get it over? If I was French I'd stand and fight. Wot about the cavalry spirit them 'orse soldiers is always talking about? An' wot about us wot 'as to walk an' fight an' fight an' march, an' then sentry, an' if you fell asleep they'd shoot you, an' wot's the sense of that? Wot's the sense of sentries, anyway, in a mist like this when anyone could creep——

"'Alt!" he shouted. "'Alt! 'Oo goes there?"

His rifle swung up to the port; he could just see the dull point of his bayonet glistening coldly. Beyond that there was nothing. The world, as far as he was concerned, ended there.

Clip-clop, clip-clop. A horse was coming towards him. Uhlans. But then, it would be more than one. Perhaps there were others riding on the short grass beside the road.

He pushed down the safety-catch of his rifle with his thumb.

Clip-clop, clip-clop. It was a big horse, slow-moving and heavy. Clip-clop, clip-clop. . . . He was much nearer. In a minute he would see him.

"'Alt!" He raised his rifle. "'Alt!" he shouted again. A grey shape was looming out of the mist.

The hair on the back of his neck began to rise. Then suddenly he lowered his rifle.

"'Ere!" he said. "Wot are you doin' 'ere? There's a war on, sonny. 'Aven't you 'eard about that?"

"I 'ave come," the boy said.

"So I sees," said Nobby, wondering what to do about it.

That was the way French André joined us. Just rolled up without a by-your-leave, riding that big grey mare of his. As fine a draught-horse, she was, as ever you've seen, arriving in all that mess along of a French kid not more than fourteen.

"I 'ave come," he says, patting the mare's neck, "and Chérie. We will fight."

She was a fine mare, near as wide as she was long, with clean legs and a neck like a Belgian or one of our Suffolk Punches, but she was full of fire, stamping her feet and cocking her ears. A small head she had, with a muzzle fine as a racehorse. We were standing round looking when Captain Fitz-Henry comes up. "Long Tom" we called him for short. He had the battalion then, because the Colonel and Major Harris had been hit.

"What's all this?" he says, and then, all in one breath, as it were, "That's a fine mare."

The boy cocked his leg over her neck, walked up to Long Tom, and saluted. Blowed if the old mare didn't follow him. He talked a bit of English he'd learnt from an artist who had stayed on his mother's farm, and Long Tom talked French better than a Frenchman. Least, that was what the sergeant said; said it was easier to understand. Anyway, after a long palaver the boy stayed. We needed his mare, and when we rigged him up in khaki he looked a treat. Couldn't take her without him, and we weren't going to leave her for Fritz, and we couldn't leave the kid.

Why the French hadn't got that horse beats me, but somehow he'd hidden her away. He came to us so that he could stay with her—see? The French would just have taken her and sent him home. But he hadn't a home.

André his name was, and a rare good little driver he turned out. They start work young over there, and there wasn't anything more you could teach him about horses. He did things different from us, but he did them well: he only had one idea in his head and that was to look after his mare. We put her in with another big French horse—a grey Percheron—in the water-cart.

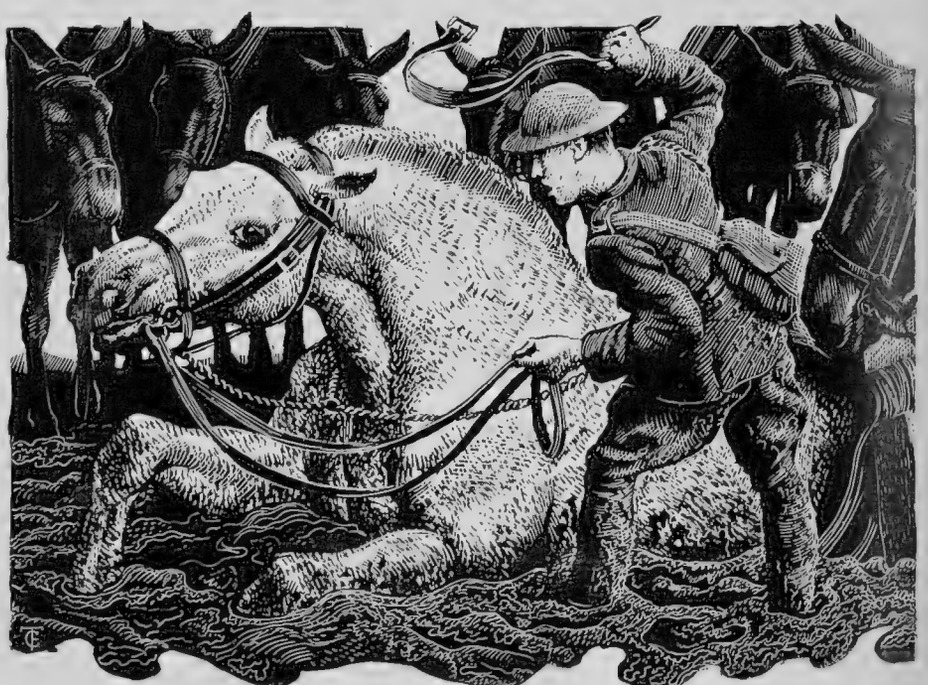
After a bit it seemed as if he'd always been with us. We kind of forgot how we picked him up. But he was grateful to us for letting him stay. He never forgot. It seemed his people bred horses and that mare was his favourite. Everything else that he'd had was gone—his father, his mother, their farm where they'd lived.

Sometimes when it was cold he'd go and sleep with her, tuck himself into her great legs, and she'd just turn her head and look at him. We always wondered what would happen if she was hit, but she wasn't; we said they were lucky and brought us luck: well, maybe we were luckier than the other units. He could get anything out of anybody, could André: even Codling, the R.S.M., was different with him. You see, he wasn't a soldier, not really: he was only a kid with a wonderful way with horses. Said he wanted to be a jockey when the war was over, and maybe he is, because he didn't grow much. But we never knew his name, not his second name, and he left us after it happened. Only he wasn't a boy any more then: he grew up that night.

I don't suppose any of us will forget it. The battalion—what was left of it—was holding the line near Le Transloy, and we had forward transport lines by a bit of a wood. The limbers were no good, and we had to use pack animals. Most of the horses had gone: couldn't stand up to it; and we were using mules.

Mud! There never was any mud like that. Standing up to their hocks in it they were, and men got drowned in that mud. It was like thick grey soup. Our chaps were near beat. They were to have come out of the line, but they couldn't. The Argylls that should have relieved them had copped it—a whole battalion blown to glory. So we had to hold on; that was the message we got, and then we copped it in the horse-lines, and when it was over there were only five of us that weren't dead or hit. The transport bloke had been talking to the drivers as they were all in a bunch, except me and André and Nobby Clarke (he was on the transport then, which was funny, as he was the one that saw André first) and a couple of other blokes. So there it was. And they had to have rations and ammunition—had to have it and go on fighting and how were they to get it? The ration-carrying parties would be there waiting in the dark and cold, straining their eyes—waiting for us to bring it up. And how could we manage, us that were left? We'd fixed up the wounded and tidied up the dead men as best we could, and there we were, due to start with forty-odd mules and half-a-dozen pack-horses and four men and a boy to handle them.

*(Concluded on page 404)*



*"There was a sucking noise as she dragged herself up"*

# Spring Double

## Furs and Fabrics

Evening dress is coming back, but in a more practical form. Filmy, fragile materials have disappeared, and designers are now using thoroughly reliable fabrics like those made with Courtaulds' rayon, which have been tested for strength, colour fastness, washing, dry-cleaning and other qualities. The graceful model below, in a glowing carnation red, is of "Tested-Quality" crepe made with Courtaulds' rayon. These "Tested-Quality" fabrics are made in bright, vital colours, lime-green, Guards'-red, peacock-blue, as well as pastel shades and white

The idea that directly spring arrives all furs should be packed away in tissue-paper and moth-balls is definitely out of date. New furs appear to greet the early sunshine, gay and light in weight, like the silver-fox bolero above. This comes from the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, and costs 19 guineas. It looks equally charming over an evening dress, for the silvery skins show up well even in the black-out. For mornings in town or week-ends in the country, there is a wrist-length opossum coat for 14 guineas, worked with high shoulders and long, rather wide sleeves

A new way to wear his photograph is suggested by Thresher's, 64, Grosvenor Street. The picture is slipped into a medallion forming the clasp on a wide suède belt, which is shown here with one of their jersey blouses. A good idea with either slacks or a skirt

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## The Liberator and the Lady

### By V. S. Pritchett

In his life of *Simon Bolivar* (Michael Joseph; 15*s*.), Mr. Thomas Rourke reprimands his American readers for knowing so little and caring less about the Washington of South America. I doubt if Englishmen are better informed, though they ought to be, for numbers of Englishmen were in that International Brigade which went out to Venezuela at the time of the Napoleonic wars to quarrel about their pay and to help the Liberator. Three or four were closely attached to him to the very end and had some influence on his political ideas. They accompanied him on his phenomenal march over the Andes which revived the epic of Hannibal in the New World. Our final link is less agreeable. Bolivar relieved an English doctor of his wife, making her the last of his enormous list of mistresses. This episode was very romantic and led to some remarkable correspondence. The love-letters of Bolivar and Manuela Saenz (she was a Peruvian) are the gunfire of erotic passion at its most intense. They have been respectfully published by the Venezuelan Government. Imagine H.M. Stationery Office publishing the correspondence of Nelson and Lady Hamilton!

Dr. Thorne, the unhappy English husband, behaved in the highest English tradition of non-intervention. He took Manuela back from time to time, but at last she rebelled against so much kindness. She wrote a letter which perfectly illustrates the gulf which separates the Iberian and English characters:

> No, no, no, never again, por Dios! . . . Señor, you are excellent, you are inimitable—that I shall never deny . . . but do you think for a moment that I, after being the beloved of this general for seven years and certain still that I possess his heart, would consent to be the wife of the Father, the Son or the Holy Ghost—of the whole Blessed Trinity? I only regret that you are not a still better man that I should have honoured him the more by leaving you. . . . In Heaven you and I shall marry again; but not on this earth. In Paradise we shall live an angelic and entirely spiritual life (for as a man you are a bit heavy). Everything there will be in the English manner, for monotony is the exclusive right of your people (in love, I mean, for none are more enterprising in practical things). Their love has no pleasure in it, their conversation no grace. Their walk is hurried, they get up and sit down with caution. They do not laugh at their own jokes. And I, miserable mortal who laugh at myself, at you, at all this English seriousness, how I shall suffer in Heaven . . . The English are tyrants with women. However, you were never that with me—on the contrary, you were more solicitous than a Portuguese. Am I in bad taste?

Of course she was. And one must say this for Dr. Thorne: Bolivar, who disposed of women with great speed, found Manuela a great trial. She went with him on his campaigns. It was a war fought by handfuls of half-naked horsemen in tropical swamp and forest and everyone was infected with fever and disease.

I said that Manuela's letter indicates the gulf between national characters. The English have produced adventurers like Bolivar, but they seldom become more than adventurers. Bolivar was the adventurer-statesman, the theatrical tribal leader who, with his race's facility for acquiring other people's ideas, had acquired the new principles of European liberalism and democracy. He turned them, tribesman-fashion, into dreams which he knew could not be realised for generations. The essence of South American character and history is, as Mr. Rourke says, the primitive will to dominate and not the will to liberty. Bolivar "played" the sub-continent with the mastery of a superb bull-fighter.

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

*Honor Earl*

*The Hon. Mrs. Earl, Lord Maugham's artist daughter, was photographed at the "Limelight" Exhibition at the British Art Centre Stafford Gallery, a collection of paintings and designs connected with the theatre, ballet and films. Her picture (top) is a painting of "The Thief of Bagdad" made during the shooting of the film at Denham*

Thousands who have never read a line of the late Havelock Ellis's works have really derived what sanity they have about sex and the relations of men and women from him. As an authority, however, he was quickly eclipsed by Freud and the psychoanalysts; or, rather, he was side-tracked by them. His own gift was less creative originality than an extraordinary individual sympathy. And, unlike the psychoanalysts, he never wrote jargon; he was acutely sensitive to the pulse of living. His eagerly awaited *Autobiography* (Heinemann; 15*s*.) throws a curious and rather unexpected light on his career and private life. As a self-portrait it is often tedious and pompous in its detail. One feels that an Alp, an immensely noble, snowy and magnificent Alp, has sat down to its life-story determined not to leave out a single crevasse or cranny. Havelock Ellis himself notes a strata of dullness in his own character. Some may think the book embarrassing, because of the large space which is devoted to an elaborate account of his relationship with his wife. A reviewer is blackmailed by so much lofty detachment. But if one is pained and falls back upon one's private thoughts, one is nevertheless absorbed by this study of a passive, slow, yet innately turbulent man married to a gifted, boyish, egotistical, impetuous, highly-strung woman whose temperament veered from the extremely independent to the almost helpless. It was a father-child marriage, with—as one would expect—a tendency to inversion on her side. One is struck once more by the largeness and sanity of Havelock Ellis's reflections on an excruciating human problem; resentments do certainly appear, but they are admitted. . . "The art of living is finally the art of loving," he writes, "in which one becomes a master too late."

"The Day Before" (Heinemann; 9*s*.) is one of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's more spirited books. It is a rapid, sardonic account of a reporter's life before 1914, tied to a mystery story. Mr. Tomlinson's writing is like one of those vague, smooth mists of his beloved Thames, through which, from time to time, one sees eccentric, hard fragments of reality. Young Venner cocks a snook at his boss in Mincing Lane and, being sacked, "goes West" to see what will happen to him. Not, like most sacked employees, to the "West" End to forget all in one gloomy blind; but to somewhere like Pembroke or Plymouth, where he is soon mixed up with a Fleet Street crazy gang who have come down to cook stories about a naval suicide and a girl spy. Venner, earnest, innocent, simple, the born little man doomed for ever to have a busy day trying to fathom the depths of human frivolity, watches Europe go to its doom. The Fleet Street stuff is very funny and very bitter. I recommend the boomerang episode. Hear the News Editor on the eternal blonde:

> We mustn't waste her. A wanton attracts attention. She always did. Read your classics. And she can get headlines in the news when a virgin can't always get a seat in a tram.

A pungent, cloudy, allusive book; you skip as you go, you even enjoy the self-parody.

*As a wood-engraver, she is working on illustrations for Owen Rutter's book about Joan of Arc's ride from Domrémy to Orleans. She was in Lorraine making drawings for these when war broke out*

# Versatile

**Averil Mackenzie-Grieve, writer, wood-engraver, linguist, traveller, dress-designer, editor, stamp-designer**

*She designed this dress herself, had it made by a Chinese tailor in Singapore who thought her a genius at clothes*

As a writer, Averil Mackenzie-Grieve has just published her first novel, *Sacrifice to Mars* (Hutchinson), a story of Nazi Germany, is now working on a commission from Putnam to write about the one-time slave trade of Liverpool. As an engraver, she is illustrating a new book by Owen Rutter. She also did the wood-engravings for his recent *John Fryer of the Bounty*. As a designer, she was responsible for the postage stamps for the Sarawak centenary. She designs some of her clothes too, considers dress for women is an art, buys her dresses, hats, shoes with extreme selectiveness only from certain famous houses. She speaks French, German, Italian, Malay and Chinese, has spent a great deal of her life in China, Borneo and Malay, knows Germany and Central Europe well, is contributing editor of the *Hungarian Quarterly*. In private life she is Mrs. Le Gros Clark, is Scottish, as her own name suggests, lives in a flat in Down Street, was much amused at the process of being photographed at home and the photographer's acrobatics with lights and ladders, offered to write her experiences as a "sitter" to go with the pictures

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*

# Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

## Mary Elaine Ayrton

*Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ayrton, of Cedar Tree House, Weybridge, Suffolk. She announced her engagement in February to Dr. William M. Kendrick, younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Kendrick, and Mrs. A. C. Larmone, of Dunromyn, Crowthorne, Berkshire*

Bassano

## Sheila Jean McNaught

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. McNaught, of Lauriston, Purley, Surrey, and Perdita, Lustleigh, Devon. Her fiancé is Major Harry Carlisle Boyce, R.A., second son of Brig.-General and Mrs. H. A. Boyce, of Farringdon House, Alton, Hants.*

Pearl Freeman

## Pamela Elizabeth Badger

*Is the only daughter of Com. and Mrs. H. G. Badger, of White Walls, Lee-on-Solent, Hants., niece of Surg.-Rear-Admiral C. V. Griffiths, R.N. Her fiancé is Surgeon-Lieut. E. H. Murchison, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Murchison, of Arnisdale, Inverness-shire*

Catherine Bell

## Audrey Elizabeth Howard

*Is the third daughter of Major Henry Howard, of Corton Cottage, Cortington, Wilts., and Mrs. M. Howard, of Little Tangley, Wonersh, Surrey, and is engaged to Ronald Kaulback, elder son of the late Col. H. A. Kaulback, and Mrs. Kaulback, of 81, Coleherne Court, S.W.5*

## Anne Bodenham

*Is engaged to Second-Lieut. R. W. Vernon Neathercoat, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neathercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham, Sussex. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bodenham, of Laureldene, Weybridge, Surrey*

Lenare

## Nesta Elizabeth FitzGerald

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice FitzGerald, of 11, Princes Gate Court, S.W.7, and has announced her engagement to Sub-Lieut. Arthur Wakefield Selwyn, R.N.V.R., only son of the late A. P. Selwyn, and Mrs. McSwiney, of Haterley Hall, Cheltenham*

Hay Wrightson

## Peggy Baynham

*Is engaged to Kenneth R. S. Trevor, Cheshire Regt. (seconded to R.W.A.F.F.), son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. R. Trevor, of the Acres, Upton Heath, Chester. She is the daughter of the Rev. J. H. Baynham, former Assistant Chaplain-General to the Forces, and Mrs. Baynham, of Dedham, Essex*

Harlip

## Cecilia Elizabeth Tabor

*Is engaged to Frederic Hugh Pollard, Sarawak Civil Service, younger son of the late Inspector-General G. R. H. Pollard, R.N., and Mrs. Pollard, of East Cranhams, Cirencester. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Sidney Tabor, of Harlingham Manor, Beds.*

Lenare

## Margaret Joan Wilson

*Is the younger daughter of the late G. L. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson, of Castlehill, Ayr, and is engaged to Ian G. F. Cruden, Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of the late Major Fraser Cruden, and Mrs. Cruden, of 7, Hyde Park Place, W.2*

Lenare

## Peggy Sinclair

*Margaret Stewart Sinclair is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Sinclair, of 14, Upper Harley St., W.1. Her fiancé is Lieut. F. B. Powell-Brett, R.A., son of the late Bernard Powell-Brett, and Mrs. Powell-Brett, of Meriden House, Meriden, Warwickshire*

Bassano

## Lorna Elspeth Comrie

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Comrie, of Thorpland, Fakenham, Norfolk. She is engaged to Sq.-Leader Richard Lindsay Wallace, son of the late W. J. L. Wallace, and Mrs. Carr White, of the Orchard, the Ridings, Oxford*

Elliott and Fry

## Elisabeth Margaret Boughey

*Is engaged to Captain Richard Quintin Gurney, City of London Yeomanry, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Quintin E. Gurney, of Bawdeswell Hall, Norfolk. She is the elder daughter of the Rev. P. F. and Mrs. Boughey, of Soham Vicarage, Cambs.*

### *Greenway — Pritchard*

*Captain J. Greenway, Royal Tank Regiment, and Daphne Pritchard, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Pritchard, of White Cottage, Iver, Bucks., were married at St. Peter's, Iver. He is the son of the late Captain J. J. K. Greenway, and Mrs. Greenway, of Farnham, Surrey*

### *Clark — Williams*

*Major Robert Clark, son of the late Brig.-General R. P. Clark, and Mrs. Clark, of Vancouver, B.C., and Venezia Williams, third daughter of Godfrey Williams, of Aberpergwm, Neath, and the Hon. Mrs. Williams, and niece of Lord Rendlesham, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square*

### *Blakelock — Radcliff*

*Peter H. B. Blakelock and Helena Joan Radcliff, elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. R. Radcliff, of Wilmount, Kells, Co. Meath, and niece of Lord Trimlestown, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the son of the late Cyprian Blakelock, and Mrs. Blakelock, of Ealing*

### *Bingham — Crocker*

*Second-Lt. James Wordsworth Bingham, Royal Tank Regt., son of Major J. Wordsworth Bingham, Royal Tank Regt., and Mrs. Bingham, of Bovington Camp, Dorset, and Roberta Elizabeth Crocker, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Crocker, of Croye, Andover, Hants., were married at Andover*

### *Hay — Sanderson*

*Alick R. Hay, eldest son of the late E. Alan Hay, and Mrs. Alan Hay, of Bengeo House, Hertford, and Diana B. Sanderson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. D. Sanderson, of Tassels, Tenterden, Kent, were married at Chelsea Old Church*

### *Bois — Brown*

*Sergeant Peter Bois, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Sir Stanley Bois, and Lady Bois, of Littlecroft, Farnham, Surrey, and Joyce Brown, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Brown, of Grosvenor House, W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square*

### *Pagnamenta — Kay*

*Charles Francis Pagnamenta, only son of the late Etienne Pagnamenta, and Mrs. Pagnamenta, of Bramshott Lodge, Hindhead, Surrey, and Daphne Kay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, of 1, Upper Terrace, N.W.3, were married at St. James's, Sussex Gardens*

### *John — Carter*

*Dr. Geoffrey H. P. John, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Davies John, of Ammanford, South Wales, and Mary Carter, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. E. G. W. Carter, of Bakloh, Camberley, Surrey, were married at St. Tarcisius's, Camberley. The bridegroom shortly joins the R.A.M.C.*

### *Doughty — Wood*

*Edward Addison Doughty, second son of Charles Doughty, K.C., of 32, Bryanston Court, W.1, and the late Mrs. Doughty, and Elizabeth Ann Wood, only daughter of the late John Wood, and Mrs. Wood, of 7, Bryanston Court, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street*

# Sanity Fare

## By Douglas Reed

### The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

*Army Sports Director*

*Lieut.-Colonel B. C. Hartley (centre) is the Director of the Army Sports Control Board. He was at the Oxford Past and Present v. Cambridge Past and Present Rugger match at Richmond, played for the benefit of the Army Recreational Equipment Fund. Oxford won by 13 points to 11. With Colonel Hartley are actress Winifred Shotter and her husband, Colonel M. A. Green*

#### *And Now Rumania*

EVENTS are moving fast, and it becomes ever more difficult, when I write, to know what will be important when this page appears.

A week ago, the Finnish capitulation gave us another of those numbing shocks which we receive with the almost precisely predictable regularity of the stages in a Greek tragedy. To-day, Finland is finished.

And now—Rumania.

I reported in January that Rumania expected a German-Bolshevist attack in March, but the unexpectedly stout resistance of the Finns had revived her hopes, and while it continued Rumania would be safe. Now, in March, Finland has fallen, and, immediately, the battering-ram has slewed round towards Rumania.

Rumania, too, is finished—for us. Within four days of the Finnish capitulation came that of Rumania.

"This is not surrender to Germany," proclaims one learned journal, "King Carol is being shrewd, as always."

But it *is* surrender to Germany, as everyone knows who knows Rumania. King Carol has played his last card, compliance with German demands, hoping thus to save his throne. Like Sweden and Norway, he would sooner his State suffered the fate of Slovakia than that of Poland, and he still hopes to keep his crown.

#### *Vendetta*

THE never-told story of King Carol's fight with the Iron Guard is extraordinarily dramatic. Because Rumania is far away and strictly censored Europe knows little of it. This feud reached its climax when King Carol, at Berchtesgaden, rejected Hitler's request to free the imprisoned Iron Guard leader, Codreanu, thus being the only man to date who has rebuffed Hitler; when, immediately after his return to Rumania, Codreanu and other Iron Guard leaders were taken out and shot; when, in revenge, the Prime Minister whom Carol appointed to exterminate the Iron Guard, Calinescu, was murdered; and when, in retribution for that, hundreds of Iron Guard leaders were shot, their bodies being left in the streets as a warning to others.

As a result, Carol became the most closely guarded monarch in Europe. When I saw him last, a year ago, at the ceremony of Blessing the Waters, he went through a deserted city, the civilian population having been literally drained off.

Neither Sicily nor Chicago nor the Kentucky hills can tell of a fiercer feud. And now the Iron Guard has been rehabilitated, the executed men are to be posthumously honoured, their widows pensioned.

The most fantastic thing in all Insanity Fair.

#### *Mailed Fist*

AND it all means—Germany. It also means you. King Carol has done what Schuschnigg did. The resurrection of the Iron Guard means that he cannot resist German political and economic demands; or, if he should defy them, he cannot resist an invasion. The enemy within his gate would be too strong, his loyal followers too disconcerted.

Eighteen months ago at the Guildhall, King Carol uttered warning words for those with ears to hear. He said that Rumania was far away and could not be buttressed up by words or expressions of sympathy—or even paper guarantees. Now, in a last desperate bid to keep his realm and crown, he has capitulated. The Iron Guard has entered into the soul of Rumania. Germany will get all the foodstuffs and oil she wants from Rumania, without needing to invade. Both Rumania and Finland are now as Czechoslovakia after Munich — they cannot resist.

#### *Superior Tactics*

RUMANIA'S capitulation has been achieved by the threat of invasion. Invasion would open up the war on another front, which is said to be what we want. Our Near East armies would come into action; that is what they are waiting for. Mussolini has declared that if the war spreads to the Balkans he will come in—though on which side is doubtful. But Hitler's latest success with the bloodless-victory method spares him any such complications.

We are having too many such set-backs. The two dictators, and the provisionally neutral dictator in Rome, seem to know just what they are at, while our leaders continue to talk about a "strange war" and the like. By the time this appears, even the loss of Rumania may seem small compared with the things that will threaten us.

#### *Changing Balance*

I WAS rid of a nightmare, after many years, when I saw that Hitler, although he made the anticipated pact with Bolshevy, began this war without a full military alliance with Soviet Russia. That meant the impossibility of our quick defeat, and time gained for us.

If we go on as we are going, this calculation will need revision. It is incredible, but we have not made full use of the time we gained, we are giving too much away, we are being too often caught on the wrong leg, as when we waited until Finland's defeat was certain and then *announced* our readiness to send an army.

I never expected to have to say it, when I began to write these notes, but if we go on like this we still *can* lose this war. I assumed that when war actually came we should come to life. Apparently even that assumption was false.

*Director of Mobilisation*

*Major-General the Hon. P. G. Scarlett was appointed Director of Mobilisation in February. He is Lord Abinger's brother, has been commanding the Deccan District since 1938. He is fifty-five*

*G.O.C. Aldershot Command*

*Lieut.-General M. G. Barker came home from the Palestine and Transjordan Command (to which he was appointed last year) to become G.O.C. Aldershot Command. His place in the Near East has been taken by Lieut.-General G. J. Giffard*

# Men of Action need BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

Free from all irritating, scalp-clogging ingredients, Brylcreem is the purest, most beneficial tonic hair dressing you can buy. Made from pure, natural oils, its tonic ingredients encourage healthy growth, remove all loose dandruff. Meanwhile the oils keep your hair smartly in place without gumming or plastering. Buy Brylcreem today and use it daily.

*Try the Active Service Packs* **1/-**

Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/9 & 2/6

*County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, N.W.10*

*royds 733G*

# "MYSTIC" THE FANCY WOOL OF DISTINCTION

"MYSTIC" FANCY YARN always knits up well—gives character to the garment—and there is an extensive range of shades—a choice for every taste. Chic and smart, "MYSTIC" is an ultra-attractive yarn for Suits, Jumpers and Outerwear.

"MYSTIC" FANCY YARN is one of the well-known Templeton's "Ayr" Wool range—which includes

"AYRCRÊPE" "AYRBEAM"
"OPALSHEEN"

TEMPLETON'S

# "AYR" WOOLS

R 158

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON Ltd., *Worsted Spinners* (Dept. BD.18), AYR, SCOTLAND

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR FREE BOOKLET

"HYGIENE FOR WOMEN" BY NURSE DREW

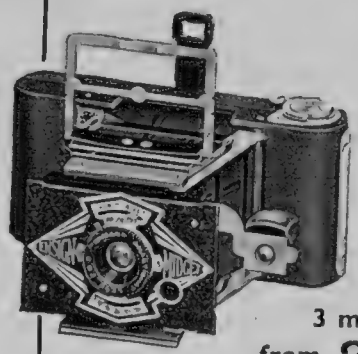
# RENDELLS

PRODUCTS FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

If you wish, write to NURSE DREW, VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

Midget has an Ensign All-Distance lens, T. & I. and three-speed shutters and takes a spool of six films.



3 models from **23/-**

# MIDGET

When you don't want to be bothered with a larger camera, it is very nice to pocket a Midget. Handy for a man or woman in training, useful when you travel light. The pictures—$1\frac{1}{4}$" x $1\frac{5}{8}$"—enlarge beautifully.

ALL BRITISH

# Ensign

HOUGHTON-BUTCHER MFG. CO., LTD., WALTHAMSTOW, E.17

BRITISH ENSIGN FILMS GIVE THE BEST RESULTS

# Racing

## At Cheltenham and Windsor

A TWO-DAY MEETING AT WINDSOR

*Second-Lieut. Timothy Tufnell and Lady Moyra Butler, the Earl of Ossory's daughter, were at the Windsor meeting, where the enclosures were packed with visitors, and the races were so packed with entries that two had to be run in two classes*

*Second-Lieut. John Cadman and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell, Lord Westbury's sister, were at Windsor. He spent several days' leave racing, was also at the Cheltenham meeting*

HALF A MEETING AT CHELTENHAM

*Lady Dorothy Head and her husband, Capt. Anthony Head, who is in the Life Guards, were at the Windsor meeting. She is the Earl of Shaftesbury's daughter*

*Above right are Second-Lieut. Roderic Thesiger and Miss Mary Rose Charteris at Cheltenham. He is the youngest son of the late Hon. Wilfred Thesiger; she is the sister of Viscountess Long and Lady O'Neill*

*Right: Second-Lieut. R. Llewellyn, Miss June Capel and Lady Kathleen Eliot, a 1939 debutante, were at the National Hunt Meeting, the second day of which had to be postponed and was held last week instead*

*The hat of the Cheltenham meeting was on the well-curled head of Miss Rosemary Barrow. Green, it was, with a brown feather, to match her check suit*

# Enjoy your Meals

without fear of pain and discomfort afterwards. It is acid that makes you unable to digest your food, and 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets relieve that acidity at once. You can prove this at your next meal. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you will find that your indigestion has vanished; you can eat what you like without fear. Buy the Tablets now and make your next meal a pleasant one.

*Neat flat boxes for the pocket,* **6d.** *and* **1/-**. *Also family sizes,* **2/-** *and* **3/6**. *Obtainable everywhere.*

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

SLIP A 6D BOX IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

# YOU ARE JUDGE & JURY

You are a very important person. The manufacturer *must* speak to you, he *must* lay his case before you. For you can't judge on merit unless you know what the merits are. You can't choose between two brands of toothpaste, two makes of soap, two brews of ale, unless you have all the facts before you. And it 's because he doesn't want you to overlook a good thing, that the maker of good commodities keeps you posted with all the merits, improvements and innovations that make his goods very much worth buying. *His advertising gives you the cue.*

READ ADVERTISEMENTS & PROFIT BY THEM

*Issued by The Advertising Association*

*CONTINENTAL HOTELS*

**FRANCE**

**Cap Ferrat**—**Gd. Hotel**—between Nice and Beaulieu. Reopening. Full South. Quiet and Peaceful. Beautiful Park overlooking Sea.

*Clear that Cold with* VAPEX

BREATHE THE VAPOUR

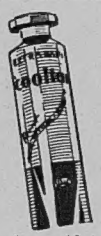
V194

SEE PALE FACES & LIMBS CHANGE TO THIS RICH TROPIC TAN in 2 hours!

To-day, Men, Women, Girls and Children can enjoy the luxurious glamour of a Rich, Deep, Tropic TAN! In two hours you can get, with Cooltan's unfailing aid, the Most Handsome Bronze ever—weather dull or fine! Millions of users in mild climates as in the Tropics say Cooltan's results are astounding!

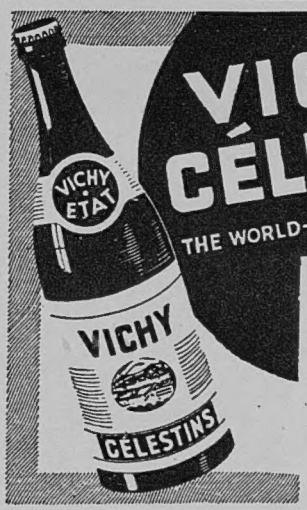
**See what COOLTAN does:**—(1) Cooltan contains no grease; no dye — nothing harmful. (2) It improves appearance, protects both face and body, and never interferes with the Skin's natural Action. (3) It surpasses other Sun Tan Preparations in any Test—whether as a Tan-Producer, a Shield against Burns, Redness, Peeling, Freckles, etc., or to ease actual SUNBURN Pain. (4) It Tans by light (not heat) and is effective on Cloudy Days when ordinary creams, oils and lotions fail. (5) Each application improves the "Tone" of the Skin. (6) Cooltan's flawless Bronze looks Marvellous for Weeks. (7) No sickly perfume—Men say "It 's Grand!" while Girls find that Cooltan gives a gorgeous waterproof make-up in addition to the Thrilling Tan. Cooltan is the Biggest Selling, most famous Sun-Tan Product, in England and Overseas. Don't miss it! Go to your Chemist or Store to-day and get a package of Cooltan—Tubes at 1/3 and 2/-, Lotion Form, 2/6. If remote from shops, order postally from Kathleen Court (England), Ltd., Suite CK, 320, Regent Street, London, W.1.

*A Huge Success with Everybody—including the Army, the Navy, the Air Force and the Girls!*



# Cooltan

*Double the Sun-Tan in Half the time*




# VICHY-CÉLESTINS

THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

## RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÈLESTINS—Live French Natural Mineral Water, Property of the French State, is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism*. Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1

**WE WILL SEND**

# THE BYSTANDER

**TO MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY SERVING AFLOAT, AND H.M. FORCES IN FRANCE, AT REDUCED RATES**

**6 Months 19/6** (*Post Free*) **3 Months 10/-**

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher,
THE BYSTANDER,
32-34, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4

Please enter a subscription to THE BYSTANDER for the following, in accordance with your special offer to members of the Royal Navy serving afloat, and H.M. Forces in France, at reduced rates for ☐ 6 months ☐ 3 months.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MY NAME _____

MY ADDRESS _____

# The VENUS de MILO

*The most envied feminine form in the world!*

## A FIRM SHAPELY BUST IS THE ESSENCE OF WOMANLY BEAUTY

A perfectly moulded figure has more charm than even a beautiful face. Few women, however, possess truly graceful contours, and modern dress reveals with candour the outline of imperfect forms.

Scientific research has led to the discovery of a hormone treatment—the S-8 brand Preparations — which offers woman a genuine help in her desire for figure perfection. These hormones exert a powerful though quite harmless influence upon the relaxed or undeveloped bust, correcting its imperfections and restoring it from within to the graceful contours and firmness of youth in Nature's own way.

The treatment is fully explained in a scientific and most interesting book, richly illustrated. It gives other important information and prices.

● Write at once for Free

**ILLUSTRATED S-8 BOOK**

**GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO.,**
**156a, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1**

S-8 *All correspondence treated in confidence*

*Ellentee Ltd.*

# A PICTORIAL RECORD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

This 48-page Souvenir, published by "The SPHERE," is ready now and deals comprehensively with the most popular of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas. EIGHT PAGES IN FULL COLOUR SHOWING SCENERY AND COSTUMES WILL BE OF TREMENDOUS VALUE TO THE AMATEUR COMPANY. It will make a delightful gift at any time.

*Price 3/10 per copy (post free).*

*Orders with remittance should be sent to:—*

THE PUBLISHER, THE SPHERE,
32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

## "Come, Chérie"

*(Continued from page 394)*

André's mare, Chérie, was with the cookers, and they 'd come up with a hot supper for our chaps. It was he who found the way out. He came up all quiet while we were talking and asked me if I knew the way to where the carrying parties would be waiting. I told him yes.

"Then this is 'ow we can do it," he says. "You and I can go in front and the mules can run loose."

"Let forty mules run loose on a battlefield?" I says.

"They 'll come," he says, "if I take Chérie. They 'll follow her anywhere."

And it was true. Mules will follow a mare. It was a nuisance the way they used to follow her sometimes behind the lines. This was different.

"You see? Come on; let 's load them up," he says.

Lord, how we worked! But the kid was right—they followed. Nose to tail, they went after that mare. Like a big grey shadow, she led them along the track, picking her way through the mud.

I went in front, then came André, and then the mare, and all the time he was talking to her. "Come, Chérie," he 'd say, and she 'd whikker at him and push her nose into his back. The other chaps were behind, spread out along the line, and we were all praying that Jerry wouldn't shell us.

Must have taken us three hours to go four miles. Past deep shell-holes filled with water, through mud that sucked at our feet and went up to the knees of the beasts. One mule went down into a hole: he just disappeared—no hope of getting him out. All the time we were thinking of our chaps, who must have rations, and S.A.A. and bombs. On and on we plodded towards the line. Very quiet it was; so quiet that I got afraid. I felt there was something unnatural about it. Then it happened.

There was a smack. A stray bullet had hit André's mare. Just the smack of a bullet hitting bone, no noise, and she was down. Her legs that were black with mud kicked up in the air. It looked as if she had no legs, as if they were cut off. There was a dark patch on her shoulder as the blood began to run out of her nostrils.

"'Ow far is it to go?" André says. His voice sounded funny, as if he were choked.

"A mile," I says.

"Then 'elp me make 'er loose."

We quieted her and we got off the pack-saddle. The mules had pulled up and were clustered round us. With their long ears cocked like black leaves against the sky they were craning forward with little snorts and beginning to mill round. The men were talking to them, trying to keep them quiet.

If she 's bad, I thought, we 'll never get there. They 'll bolt.

"Come, Chérie . . . Viens . . . viens donc . . ." André said as the saddle came loose and flopped into the mud. "Viens."

She struggled to rise, her eyes seemed very wide, and she tried to reach his hand with her lips. He had taught her that trick; they used to kiss each other, those two. In the middle of all that mess he knelt down and kissed her on the nose. Then he stood up with her head-rope in his hand and took off his belt.

"A mile. A mile," he said.

Before I knew what was going to happen he 'd swung his belt and hit her twice with the buckle-end across the quarters. "Hoop, hoop!" he shouted, jerking at the rope.

There was a sucking noise as she dragged herself up, plunging about in the mud. He pushed the pack-saddle under her forelegs, pulled off his coat and threw it in front of her and hit her again. She got her feet on the saddle and staggered up.

"Come on," he said, "on, quickly . . . Viens, Chérie!"

The blood was running down her chest and her head was hanging, but she managed to follow him. Once she stopped, and he hit her again. She jumped forward with a snort.

We were nearly there at last. I saw something move, heard someone say "Rations . . . that our rations?" We were in a sunken road, and the carrying-party came out of the shadow. André was standing beside his mare, trying to staunch the blood with his field-dressing.

She stood quite still, with her head turned towards him, and he was whispering to her. She began to tremble, her legs looked as though they had gone soft. She sagged down on her quarters, staggered up in a half-rear, and fell.

"Did you bring the bombs? We 've got none left."

"Yes, we 'ave brought bombs—we 'ave brought everything," André said, "and I 'it 'er . . . I 'it Chérie four times."

THE END.

# Motoring Commentary

## By "Spare Wheel"

Ordinarily there would have been an afternoon's sport at Brooklands last Monday (Easter Monday), the first motor race meeting of the year. The chances of seeing "Bira" and Arthur Dobson and Raymond Mays and the rest howling round the concrete there this year are small in the extreme. All our young speed kings are otherwise busy, and a sport which absorbs as much petrol as motor racing is taboo. The speedway people have been trying to find a way round the ban, but unless they can discover some "dope" to run on, they haven't a hope.

Italy, however, is going to keep the sport alive. Petrol there costs something over 4s. a gallon, but motor racing is the national equivalent of football, not to be stopped by any war—certainly not by anyone else's war. So there is a full programme of events from April to September, including such world-famous contests as the Mille Miglia, in which English cars and drivers have in years past competed with distinction, and the Tripoli Grand Prix, the richest race in the world, with liberal expenses and "appearance money" to all starters and huge prizes all provided out of a public lottery. It is also the fastest road race in the world; the winner's speed is usually something over 130 m.p.h.

These Italian races are all on the international calendar and, of course, there are mighty few other races on it—only, I think, one event in Hungary, one in Spain, and the big American annual, the Indianapolis 500 miles' race. But to the vast astonishment of everybody, Germany has told the Italians that, whether they can or cannot organise international races on their own circuits, they are fully prepared to send teams to compete in all the chief Italian events—even in the Tripoli Grand Prix, which involves a voyage across the Mediterranean. Maybe this is just bluff and bombast, maybe it is not; the Germans have the cars, now eating their heads off, and they lay enormous store by the prestige these cars have won them all over Europe and outside it. It remains to be seen whether when it comes to the point the Nazis will sanction the expenditure in tyres and fuel, both so precious now. The Tripoli race is at the beginning of May.

If they do take part, one wonders what the ordinary German motorist will think of it, for unless you are a pet of the Nazi party you don't get much fun or games out of your car in Germany to-day. Incidentally, all those who were subscribing their five marks per week for a "volkswagen" have now been told that there will be no volkswagens until after the war, but that they can go on subscribing if they like, provided they don't mind waiting—and hoping. Among existing car-owners only about one in five is able to function, and satisfying a divisional petroleum officer that you are entitled to supplementary rations is child's play to the difficulty of acquiring the right to carry the red triangle which authorises you to run a private car, strictly on business, in Germany.

Winter now being officially (and probably really) over, I wish to bear public testimony of my gratitude to the makers of my car and all its works for its complete and unfailing reliability during the most trying period most of us have ever experienced from the motoring point of view. Apart from two or three days when it was impossible to move at all, I have had a trouble-free winter. With barely routine attention to oil-levels, tyre-pressures, and so forth, I have had an instant start every morning and constant and steadfast service.

Until we give ourselves pause to think we do not realise how much more reliable or dependable or trouble-free our cars are. But in the past eighteen months, and especially since the war began, I have learnt, thanks to living four miles from a railway station, what an outstanding virtue reliability is, surpassing silence, acceleration, speed, even comfort in importance. Primarily I have to thank for this the designers and makers of my Riley engine, but the best engine in the world would not get me unfailingly to the station every morning if I had not reliable components, which are common, more or less, to every make of car.

How vast, for instance, has been the improvement in recent years of tyres and batteries. Fuel rationing has cast an extra burden on batteries. All our runs now are short, and often the speed is low to save fuel, so that batteries get less help than they should from the dynamo. As a circular from the Lucas people reminds me, all batteries now must be in a low state if they have not been specially looked after this winter, so do right by a faithful servant, be grateful for the chain of Lucas service stations, and pay a call at one at the first opportunity.

### *Champagne Goes Up!*

A case containing twelve bottles of Bollinger Special Cuvée Champagne, presented to the Grimsby Fishermen's War Auxiliary Fund by M. Jacques Bollinger, fetched the magnificent sum of £535 3s. 6d. when raffled recently for the Fund.

*The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the* Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

MARCH

*Name* { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*Address* .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd. at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, March 27, 1940. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever to-day is the significance of the name 'Player' to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
10 for 7d
20 for 1/1½

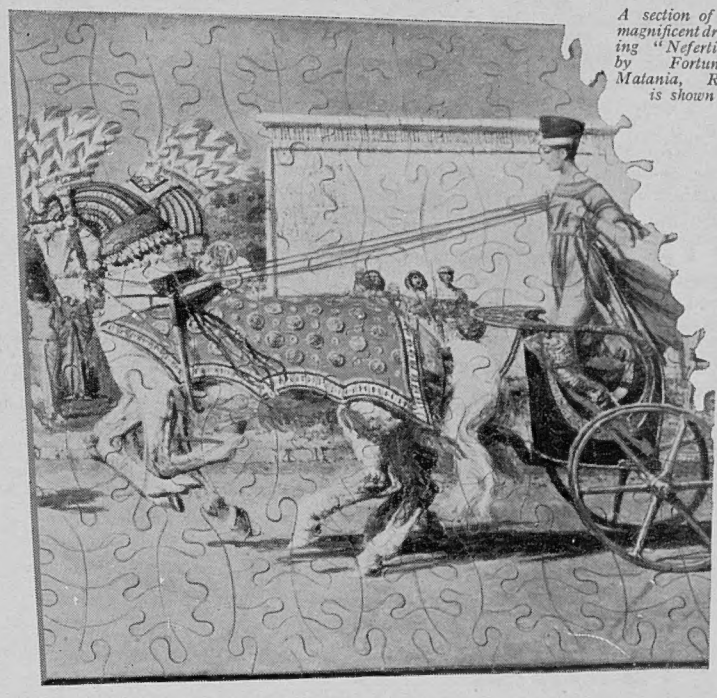
Player's Please

PLAYER'S TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES AT DUTY FREE PRICES FOR MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR DETAILS

N.C.C. 523B



# There's nothing like a JIG-SAW PUZZLE!



*A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown*

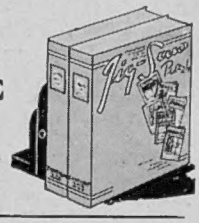
To keep the children out of mischief . . . to amuse and entertain the convalescent. With a Jig-Saw in the house you have an entertaining and amusing companion always. From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects, of general and of historical interest, have been reprinted as Jig-Saw puzzles, and are now offered for the first time. These Jig-Saws measure 16 in. by 12 in.—they are magnificently printed and permanently mounted on plywood. And, so that you can store your puzzles neatly, they are packed in strongly made book-cover boxes: just the thing for your bookcase or bookshelf. At 5/- each the puzzles make an ideal Gift at all times and will afford many years of pleasure.

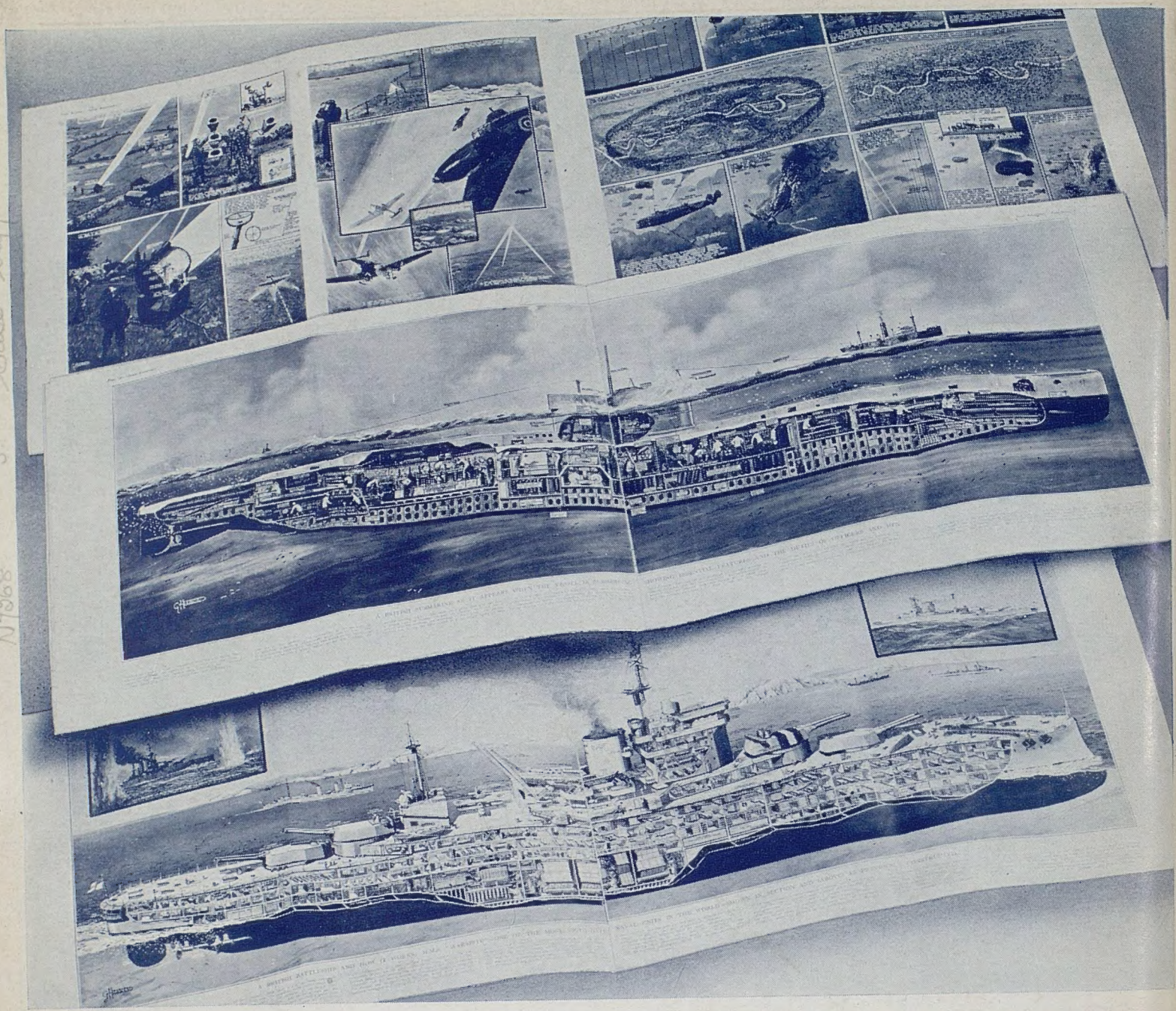
*The following subjects—Price 5/- each—are now available:—*
*(Post Free Inland. Postage Abroad 2s. 6d. extra.)*

"A PRESENT FROM CAESAR," by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.
"NEFERTITI," by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.
"CLEOPATRA," by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.
"REFERENCES," by CHARLES E. BROCK.
"DAVID COPPERFIELD'S JOURNEY FROM YARMOUTH TO LONDON," by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.
"THE APPLE OF HIS MAJESTY'S EYE," by WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER.

*Orders, with remittance, should be sent to*

**The LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LIMITED**
**23 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4**





# THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "**INSIDE KNOWLEDGE.**" This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, **EACH MEASURING OVER THREE FEET WIDE.** They show British warship types —a Battleship, a Cruiser, a Flotilla-Leader, a Submarine, and an Aircraft-Carrier— and many authoritative drawings of home defence organisation. You will find "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE" to be of absorbing interest, and it would make an ideal gift for a boy or girl at any time.

BOUND IN A "LEATHER FINISH" COVER (20½" × 14½") PRICE 3/6 (By Post: Inland 4/3; Foreign and Eire 4/6)

*Obtainable from W. H. Smith & Son's branches, and principal Booksellers, or direct from The Publisher:—*

**THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 32, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4**